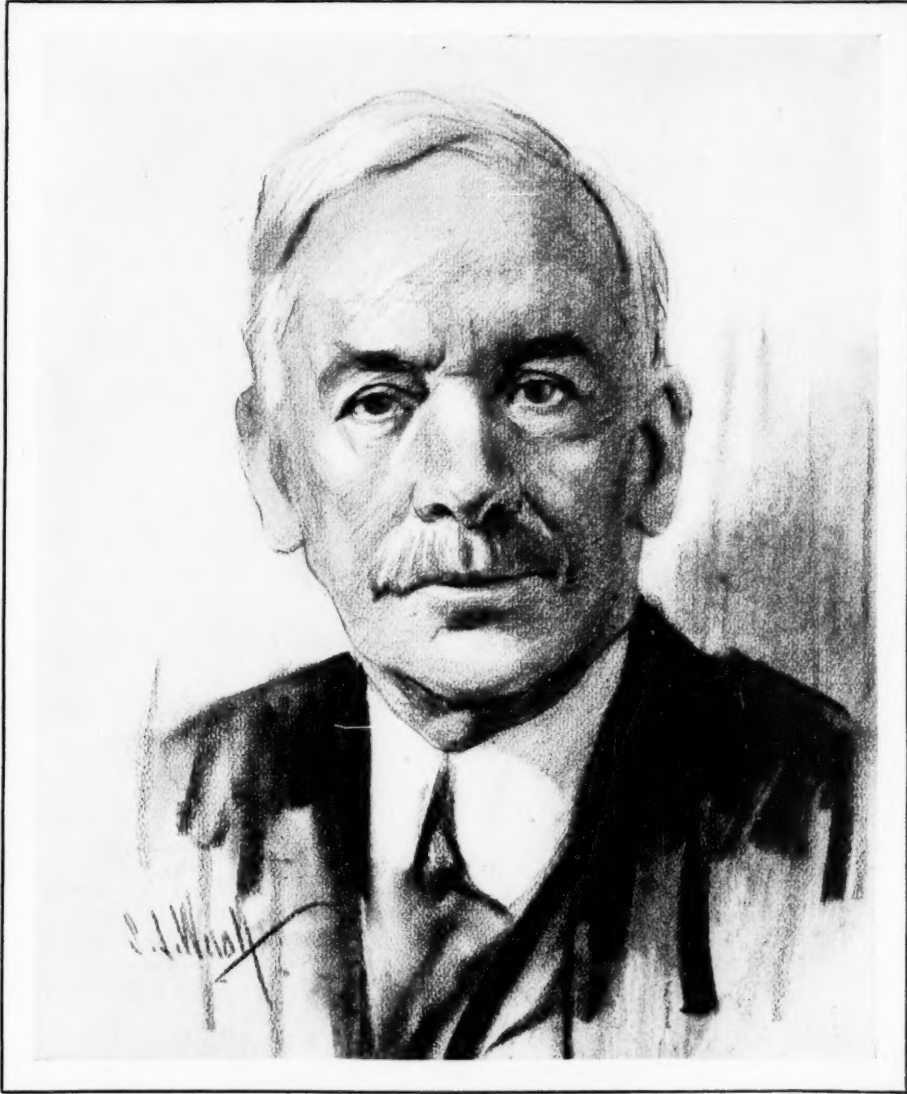


TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



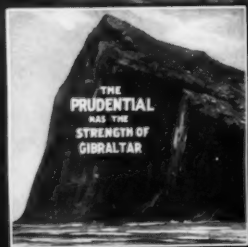
Volume XII

MR. HOOVER'S GOOD

First the blade and then the car . . .
(See NATIONAL AFFAIRS)

Number 13

Protected ~
by a Thoughtful Provider



THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY of AMERICA
EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President © HOME OFFICE, Newark, N.J.



**WHEN WILL YOU
"WRITE OFF"
YOUR OFFICE
CHAIRS? ♦ ♦**

HERE'S a permanent asset that means permanent comfort.

An office chair, welded into one piece from a metal of marvelous lightness and strength.

A chair that is built to properly distribute the weight of the body. Built on exceedingly graceful lines, beautifully upholstered and exquisitely finished. *Built to last.*

* * * *

Isn't that old chair in which you spend your working hours becoming a liability? Isn't its once smooth surface roughened and marred by splinters that catch and rasp the clothing? Don't its squeaking joints and dowels rasp the nerves . . . and induce "four o'clock fatigue?"

Write it off . . . and replace it, once and for all, with a chair that keeps its quiet comfort through the years. A chair of welded one-piece Aluminum—light, strong, durable, efficient.

Aluminum Office Chairs are furnished in a variety of beautiful natural wood finishes or in baked enamel colors to harmonize with *any* scheme of office decoration.

Ask your secretary to write for the booklet, "Distinctive Aluminum Furniture for the Office." Every executive and office manager should have a copy of it.

Aluminum Company of America

2400 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Offices in 19 Principal American Cities

**ALUMINUM
OFFICE CHAIRS**



EXTRA MONEY from WRITING

An answer to your question:
"What chance have I to make
my writing ability pay?"

IT would not be against the law to print "Be a writer—writers earn big money" at the top of this advertisement. We refrained from using this "inspirational" headline for three reasons:

First, because this advertisement is appearing in *Time*. The average reader of *Time* is not looking for courses that will teach him to write in six weeks and make him wealthy in six months.

Second, because we aren't selling that type of course. N. I. A. instruction is for adult-minded people—for men and women who have sufficient moral courage and ambition to subject themselves to a real course of disciplinary training.

Third, because the "big money" promises give a totally false picture of the literary opportunity. True, a few top-notch writers are in the millionaire class. But those top-notchers did not become famous overnight. Their first checks were for \$25, \$50 and \$100—for short stories, short articles on current topics, humorous contributions—things that they were able to turn out in their spare time. The smaller—but more readily attainable—checks should be the immediate objective of the writing aspirant. Don't expect that you will be able to support yourself by writing as soon as you complete your N. I. A. instruction. But you are entitled to hope for some tangible returns for your time and money—and, if you mean business, you'll get them.

The way great writers learned to write

Today most of our successful authors, dramatists, and scenario writers are recruited from the newspaper profession. Why? Because these men have learned to write by writing. Writing under expert criticism from the editors at the copy desk.

Today you can acquire practical New York newspaper training right in your own home. The Newspaper Institute of America (an organization of newspaper men approved as a correspondence school under the laws of the State of New York) brings New York copy desk methods within your easy reach. Week by week, you are given actual assignments—just as if you were being broken in on a great metropolitan daily. Your work is individually edited and constructively corrected by a group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience back of them. Academic methods and tiresome technicalities have been discarded. You learn to write by writing.

How you start

We have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test, which tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy this test. Send in the coupon; there's no obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York City.

Newspaper Institute of America
1776 Broadway, New York
James McAlpin Pyle, Pres.

Send me your free Writing Aptitude Test and further information on writing for profit, as promised in *Time*, September 24th.

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____
Address _____
(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 21248

LETTERS

Cygnets

Sirs:

Young dogs are "pups," young chickens "chicks," young rabbits "bunnies," can you tell us what the young of swan are called?

Time is my greatest source of information. I enjoy it thoroughly.

JAMES H. MCGUIRE

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Time must decline hereafter to answer questions, such as this, which do not pertain to the news. When swans or cygnets become cygnificant (such as would be the death of the red-billed black swan in the garden of the Pena Palace at Cintra, Portugal) *Time* will tell, will answer questions on the subject.—ED.

My Countree

Sirs:

I have gotten my issue of *Time* for this week and I say, I don't see anything in there about my countree Greece. What's the matter with your agents? Can't they get any news about Mr. Venizelos? I am a Royalist, and I am proud of it. I will fight for the Royalist flag any old time so tell me what the news is about my countree. I depend on your magazine for the news and you look like you are scared to tell me the news. I will expect to hear from you.

A. P. MELETAKOS

Washington, D. C.

Political developments in Greece are temporarily nil, owing to the dengue fever as reported in *Time*, Sept. 17.—ED.

"Poisonal"

Sirs:

On the evening of Governor Smith's acceptance speech the static was bad. I turned off the radio.

But I was not to be spared. Fully three weeks afterward the Movietone presented the scene. I'm prejudiced, I'll admit—but I am only one of a great many who carried away one last impression of Governor Smith's speech—an impression that, without really proving anything, seems to epitomize the whole democratic platform, its ticket, its votaries:

"Poisonal, Detoimined!"

I verily believe I would not have been surprised if he had continued: "Ain't it de trut'—w'at I'm tellin' youse?"

The giggle that floated about the theatre—up here in this normally Smith section—at the first evidence of this "New Yorkese" was (thought prejudiced I) significant. . . .

L. F. SOUTHWICK

New Haven, Conn.

Bigot Flayed

Sirs:

Can it be that Puritan R. J. Wilson is related to Dr. Clarence True Wilson? His denunciation of Raskob; his innate knowledge of the affairs of the pope, faithfully reflects the well established attitude of all intolerant protestant Christians, contributors to Dr. Wilson's cause. . . .

Let the bigot read the Declaration of Independence. Let him review the Harding and Coolidge administrations for evidence of "buying presidencies." Let him also ask Elihu Root and Chas. Evans Hughes, Republican leaders, for their opinions on the fitness of Al Smith as a governmental executive, and their opinions on his loyalty to the United States. . . .

WALTER J. BECKER

Peoria, Ill.

Wilson Flayed

Sirs:

I could not help nodding with indignation at the contemptible, malicious utterances of Rev. R. J. Wilson in *Time*, Sept. 10. I pity his robust ignorance. . . .

PAUL A. CHILDS

Detroit, Mich.

Motherly Concern

Sirs:

I feel the impulse strong upon me to write

once more to the publication which I "adopted" in its infancy, or at least in its young childhood (1923). (See *Time*, Jan. 11, 1926, LETTERS.)

I have watched your progress with true motherly concern. Exulting in your growing prestige, proud of the typographical beauty of each edition, proud of your accuracy, your wit, your charming diction, and most of all your abounding knowledge of all things worth while (your footnotes alone if compiled would make a valuable reference volume), proud of your sportsmanship in gracefully acknowledging an error, or manfully standing by your guns when you know you are right and can prove it.

Once in a while I *wince* when you introduce a word like "gob" or descend to the level of a Heffin in exchanging common and coarse banalities.

Your condensed biographies are gems. Note "The Beaver Man" and others—your article on "The Boys" (Aug. 27) is especially entertaining. Now when we read their reports we can also think of their backgrounds. By the way, a question regarding Richardson, uncle of Pundit Kent—

When I was a little girl (a long time ago) Horace Greeley's New York *Tribune* was an oracle in my home. I remember just how it looked, closely printed in quite small type and no headlines—except once. I do not remember the date exactly, but near the close of the Civil War, it came out in heavy black lines clear across the top:

"Knoxville, Tenn.—1867.
OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH!
OUT OF THE MOUTH OF HELL!

—Richardson."
Richardson, the *Tribune* reporter, had been missing and mourned for dead for some time, but had a most wonderful and almost miraculous escape from Libby Prison, which was described in the *Tribune*.

Could it be (or is it chronologically impossible) that this might have been the uncle (Frank Richardson) of Pundit Kent?

Here is another request. Will you please tell us the hours of your "Newscasting" over the radio? I have not been able to find out.

Probably you will think this letter too lengthy or too prolix—that is a fault of old ladies.

(MRS. J. H.) LOUISE L. PHILLIPS

North East, Pa.

Pundit Kent has an uncle who was in prison during the Civil War in Fort Delaware, not Libby.

Newscasting is given at different times by 40 different stations. Let *Time*-adopter Phillips listen in on KDKA (Pittsburgh, Pa.) at 6:55 p. m.; or turn to *Time*, page

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

Published weekly by *Time*, Inc., at 2500 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-class matter Jan. 21, 1928, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Editors: Briton Hadden and Henry R. Luce.
Associates: Laird S. Goldsborough, John S. Martin, Myron Weiss.
Weekly Contributors: Noel F. Busch, Wilder Hobson, Newton Hockaday, Parker Lloyd-Smith, Peter Mathews, Elizabeth Moore, S. J. Woolf.
Correspondence pertaining to editorial content should be sent to 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

Advertising rates: For advertising rates and reservations address Robert L. Johnson, Advertising Manager, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

Subscription rates: One year, in the U. S. and possessions, Cuba, Mexico and South America, \$5; Canada, \$5.50; elsewhere, \$6.

Index: *Time* is indexed twice yearly. Copies of the index are sent free to subscribers upon request.

Binders: Binders holding a complete volume (26 issues and index) are available to subscribers at \$3 each post-paid. The index is sent regularly as issued to all binder owners.

Bound volumes: A limited number of copies of each volume with index are bound and are available to subscribers at \$5 each. A few bound copies of Volumes VIII, IX, X and XI are now available.

Address all correspondence regarding subscriptions, index, binders, bound volumes, to Roy E. Larsen, Circulation Manager, 2500 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

You can now enjoy the distinction of being the FIRST to read the books everyone will be discussing later...

for instance ~



... and SAVE MONEY at the same time

YOU can easily identify yourself with that enviable group of people who have important books and authors always at their tongues' ends. They don't exactly "enthrall the entire dinner party," or "hold their listeners spellbound" as the ads say, but they seem to have some secret method of keeping in constant touch with the latest and best books.

You respect them; don't you? You wonder how they find time to read the best new books when you are too busy to even look for them. The seven books pictured above were brought to your attention by friends who had read them. Finally, when the books had been talked about and written about and reviewed and praised by magazines and newspapers all over the country—you finally read one or two of them in self defense. And you enjoyed them!

Send for WINGS Free



Everyone enjoyed them. They are the cream of the past publishing year.

On the same day that each of those books was delivered to the bookstores, the members of *The Literary Guild of America* received a special edition of the same title through the mail, *postpaid*, at their homes. They did not have to wait for anyone to tell them how good those books were, the Editorial Board at the Guild had learned that months before. Instead of waiting for best sellers to attract them by their fame, Guild members have them delivered automatically while they are new.

There is an undeniable thrill that comes with being an insider—especially in artistic fields. There is prestige and distinction for the man or woman who knows beforehand what books will later attain widespread success. In addition to the many cultural advantages of membership, there is a substantial economy to be had through the Guild plan. The twelve Guild books are delivered to you—one each month—for a single annual subscription fee which is a great deal less than the same books would cost if purchased in any other way.

Memberships Are Free in the Literary Guild

The many advantages of membership, the prestige of being associated with such a work, the actual cash saving on the price of new books, and all other privileges create the impression that the Guild is limited to *wealthy patrons only*. **THIS IS NOT THE CASE!**

Membership in *The Literary Guild* is absolutely free. You can join today and begin at once to

realize a considerable saving in actual cash on one of the leading books published each month in America.

The Price Is Soon To Be Advanced

To maintain the high standard of quality in both contents and format of Guild selections, it has been found necessary to raise the annual subscription fee slightly. *This price advance does NOT take effect at once!* You can still join the Guild and enjoy the maximum saving that has been given members from the start. You can start your subscription with any of the previous Guild books you wish, choosing any book illustrated above that you have missed.

Mail the coupon at once for your copy of WINGS, an illustrated booklet which describes the Guild plan fully, absolutely free and without obligation.

The Literary Guild of America, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Literary Guild of America, Inc.,
Dept. 29-T. M.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Send me a copy of WINGS and tell me how to become a member of the Literary Guild before the price goes up.

Name

Address

City State



...and so to bed

If Vichy was lacking in the earlier phases of a strenuous evening, don't forget to take a glass before retiring...and in the morning...Physicians recommend this mineral water as a regulator of the digestive system...Clubs, hotels and restaurants serve it...Your grocer and your druggist sell it...



There is only one Vichy Célestins. It is the property of the French Republic and on its bottle is the Tricolor of France.

vichy
célestins
french vichy

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO.

27th Street and Hudson River, New York · General Distributors for the United States

35, pick out another station she prefers, look up that station's Newscasting schedule in local papers.—Ed.

Prefers Jazz

Sirs:

... this Newscasting—I do not like it. When I turn on my radio I prefer stimulating jazz music, funny stories. . . . In my free moments I want amusement.

SAMUEL COHEN

St. Louis, Mo.

Flop

Sirs:

I listened in on your Newscasting program last night. It struck me that you are breaking your neck trying to please the radio masses. TIME's style, TIME's whole refreshing attitude is not suited to this. TIME gives its readers many things which they do not want, many things which actually displease them; but TIME does it so cleverly that they read it and like it. In your Newscasting you fawn before the masses and sound ridiculous; hence, your Newscasting is a flop.

ROGER A. WILLIAMSON

Chicago, Ill.

Ship News

Sirs:

TIME readers, whose interests extend beyond the railroad depot, often travel upon the ocean. Aboard ship they are deprived of that pleasure of opening a crisp copy of TIME on the day that they know their fellow subscribers and newsstand buyers are getting theirs. For their knowledge of world events they must depend upon a typewritten sheet printed each night by the radio operator, posted in a prominent place the following morning.

If one were to analyse the content of these broadcasts he might obtain such statistics as the following:

Local San Francisco news.....	25%
Sensational crimes and accidents.....	25%
Hollywood gossip, divorces and such.....	20%
Transoceanic flyers.....	15%
NEWS OF ENOUGH IMPORTANCE TO MATTER WHEN ONE HAS RE- TURNED HOME.....	15%

I am a radio operator and have been copying such broadcasts off and on for the past five years. It is tabloid stuff, selected with apparently no thought of the field it is to reach. A man at sea is merely bored to read the bald statement that "1 dies, 3 injured in crash at Little Rock"; yet when the service is gratis one scarcely can complain. It is my hope, therefore, that TIME and this station can cooperate in furnishing a high-class news broadcast to ships at sea.

BENJ. GRIFFITH

Operating staff,
Merchants Exchange Marine Radio,
Portland, Ore.

To Subscriber Griffith all praise for a worthy idea. TIME will newscast to ships on both the Pacific and Atlantic as soon as arrangements can be completed.—Ed.

Current History

Sirs:

May I take this opportunity to compliment you on your unique newsmagazine as it has been especially helpful to me during the past year in my Current History work. There are few periodicals that can be used to advantage in this line of school work. . . .

W. R. ATKINS

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Roses

Sirs:

I believe in giving the roses while people are alive. I congratulate you on the make-up and substance of TIME. I have been a constant reader since I first saw it, a few weeks ago. It is concise, original, thorough, dependable. Just the magazine for the busy discriminating man or woman. Good luck.

J. J. MULLOWNEY, Editor

"The HOME Workers' Magazine"
Nashville, Tenn.

TIME, whose days are not numbered, accepts.—Ed.

IRB

ANOTHER BARGAIN STOCK

Many people think most stocks are too high and that there are no bargains, but we have lately found several for our clients. Now we are recommending the purchase of a stock which:

Would need to sell 100 points higher to discount fully the near-term outlook—

Is in line for a stock split-up in the next few months and valuable rights at a later date—

This year may earn over 13 times as much as in 1927—after bookkeeping write-offs almost as large as reported earnings—

Probably will increase its dividend soon—

Has unusually small capitalization which is likely to cause a sharp run-up in price as earnings improve—

Is a leader in its field and one of the soundest and best managed companies in America.

Obviously, this stock should be bought now—for a substantial advance. Most likely it will not long be available at its present price.

The name of this bargain stock will be sent to you free of charge and without obligation. Also, free specimen copies of all our current Stock Market Bulletins which fully discuss the profit and loss possibilities in the following securities:

FOX FILM	WILLYS OVERLAND
FOX THEATRES	INTERNATIONAL COMBUSTION
WARNER BROTHERS	JEWEL TEA
REPUBLIC STEEL	LOUISIANA OIL
WESTINGHOUSE AIR BRAKE	BRIGGS MANUFACTURING
INTERNATIONAL NICKEL	GOLD DUST
AMERICAN SUGAR	REYNOLDS SPRING
INTERNATIONAL MATCH	MISSOURI PACIFIC
	PUBLIC SERVICE OF N. J.

Simply send your name and address and the above mentioned Bulletins and the name of the bargain stock will be sent to you without cost or obligation. Also an interesting book called "Making Money in Stocks."

SIMPLY MAIL THE COUPON

INVESTMENT RESEARCH BUREAU, DIV. 453, AUBURN, NEW YORK

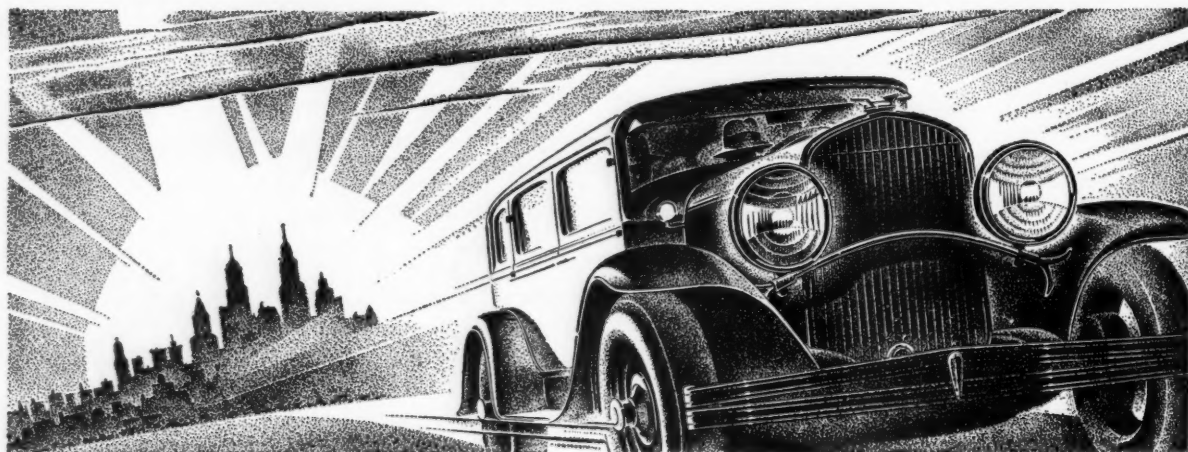
Kindly send me specimen copies of your current Stock Market Bulletins. Also a copy of "MAKING MONEY IN STOCKS." This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Not Chrysler— but the Chrysler *Public*



BBROADLY speaking, the measure of any man's success is the size of the public behind him.

He grows as his public grows—as his acts are approved in increasing volume by an increasing public.



These few words tell almost all there is to the Chrysler story—or give, at any rate, the root-reason why Chrysler looms large on the motor car horizon. Chrysler is presenting at this moment a group of cars sparkling and shining with newness of performance and appearance—cars which have again captivated their public.

These brilliant new Chrysler cars have been in process of creation for two years—they will exert their influence upon the design of all other motor cars for several years to come.



Chrysler has never halted or hesitated, because Chrysler is free and has no obli-



gations to anyone but its own public—no limit except the limit of its own creative powers, its own energy and enthusiasm, its own faith in the boundless resources of the nation.

Chrysler quite frankly confesses its intention to try to surpass other cars and other manufacturers—quite frankly admits an enthusiastic ambition for continued leadership in value giving—quite frankly intends to leave nothing undone to earn and deserve and hold the greatest motor car public in all the world.



This, it seems to the Chrysler management, is the urgent need of every manufacturing institution which aspires to satisfy a swift-moving public—to realize that it *does* move, that yesterday is dead, that laurels wither, that today is gloriously alive, that tomorrow calls clamorously for greater and greater endeavor.

TIME

Vol. XII, No. 13

The Weekly Newsmagazine

September 24, 1928

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

World Statesman

There was something impressive about the return of Calvin Coolidge, sunburned and filled out after three months on a small Wisconsin river, to a Washington full of national politics and governmental odds and ends. He gave the politics some attention. He issued some orders in connection with the Budget Bureau's forecast of a \$94,000,000 deficit, chief of the odds and ends. But the sphere to which he chiefly applied himself was the grand one of International Relations. It was as if he felt he had conquered his own nation politically and economically and was now, in his last few months in office, ready to engage the world, diplomatically; ready to take his place as a world statesman. The Hoover campaign and the Deficit would take care of themselves, his attitude seemed to say. The Pact of Paris, the Anglo-French naval agreement, readjustment of Reparations—with such matters was the Coolidge Era to be concerned at its close.

President Coolidge, his first day back, talked with his Secretary of State for nearly an hour, giving other Cabinet members only a few perfunctory moments and Nominee Hoover about a half-hour. The Pact of Paris (renouncing war as an instrument of national policy) was signed and in the State safe. It must now be ratified by the Senate. Ratification would be opposed by friends of the cruiser-building bill, which was shelved last spring, until that bill's passage was assured. How would the bill be affected by the semi-secret agreement between England and France to restrict their armaments of large submarines and large cruisers? President Coolidge reassured the U. S. Navy's friends that any naval reductions France and England might agree on between themselves would be applauded by the U. S. but would have no effect on U. S. naval policy. After seeing the President, Secretary Wilbur of the Navy felt free to say: "We have not changed our naval program."

☛ To Zogu I, new-crowned King of Albania, this cable was despatched. "It is with pleasure that I extend to your Majesty and to the people of Albania congratulations on the occasion of your accession to the throne. The American people join with me in expressing best wishes for your Majesty's good health and happiness and for the prosperity of Albania—CALVIN COOLIDGE."

☛ President Coolidge announced that no matter what anyone may say he is going to do after March 4, "it is wrong."

☛ President Coolidge appointed Col. Harry Burgess, U. S. Engineers, to succeed Brig.-Gen. Meriwether L. Walker as

Governor of the Panama Canal Zone. ☛ President Coolidge scanned Red Cross reports on the Porto Rico-Florida hurricane (see p. 11), and sent orders for the Army, Navy and Coast Guard to give help.

☛ President Coolidge proclaimed Fire Prevention Week Oct. 7 to 13.

REPUBLICANS

Votes

Additions to Hooverism included:
Otto Hermann Kahn, Manhattan financier. Reason: Nominee Hoover's pre-eminent fitness is not yet overshadowed by the Prohibition issue.

Samuel Matthews Vauclain, President of the Baldwin Locomotive Works (Philadelphia). Reason: "Full dinner pail."

Charles S. Mott, Vice President of General Motors. Reason: "The country's best economic and spiritual welfare."

Alfred Jacques, Duluth Democrat, a second-order of Woodrow Wilson's nomination in 1912. Reason: Tammany.

William Ellery Sweet, Denver Democrat, onetime (1923-25) Governor of Colorado. Reason: Prohibition.

President Mary Emma Wooley of Mount Holyoke College.* Reasons: Law enforcement, international issues, agrarian relief.

Fess's Best

Senator Simeon D. Fess, baldish Ohioan, Harding admirer, Hoover Keynoter, spent time during the week studying and explaining why Hoover would carry New York State. To the embarrassment of non-whispering Republicans he also explained: "This is the first time in history during a national political campaign that we have on one side all of the loose element of morals and on the other the very highest and best of morals."

*Alma mater of Florence Trumbull, good friend of John Coolidge.

Worker Willebrandt

Washington waited to see what Hoover headquarters would do about one of Hooverism's most tireless workers, Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney General of the U. S. Already accused of using her Federal office for political ends, she went into Ohio last fortnight and persuaded a Methodist convention at Springfield to abandon Methodism's traditional non-partisanship and resolve against Nominee Smith, for Nominee Hoover.

"Take to your pulpits!" was her cry. "Preach that message! Rouse your communities! The issue is bigger than party lines!"

A storm of censure had arisen on both sides of the party lines. The Republican *New York Evening Post* had said: "When she is permitted to make a stump speech . . . she strikes deeply at respect for impartiality of law." Methodists in other States had flayed their Ohio brethren for being swept off their feet.

Prohibition, which it is Mrs. Willebrandt's sworn duty and intellectual passion to help enforce, was of course the sole burden of the Willebrandt oration to the Methodists. But she had laid herself open to Democratic charges of religious incense-diarism. What would Hooverism have said if a Smith supporter, let alone a public official, should cry out for an anti-Hoover uprising of Roman Catholics?

Mrs. Willebrandt's Ohio speech was handed out for circulation at the national Hoover headquarters with the explanation that Hooverism was not officially responsible for anything Mrs. Willebrandt might say. Senator Borah, one of Hooverism's biggest voices, was invited to address a Methodist gathering at Peoria, Ill. He declined. Mrs. Willebrandt's name was left off Hooverism's official list of campaign speeches for the near future and it was stated that the next Willebrandt speech would not be distributed from official headquarters.

But there was no official repudiation of "Take to your pulpits!" a cry which may well become an historic feature of the Presidential campaign of 1928. And there was no visible squelching of Worker Willebrandt. She promised to appear and speak again in Ohio, on Sept. 23 at Lorain. Clear-eyed, evangelical, she said: "I shall continue . . . as my conscience dictates!"

A few days after the Ohio Methodists were Willebrandtized, the Northern Baptist Convention (representing about 1,250,000 souls) was told by its officials

CONTENTS

	Page
<i>National Affairs</i>	7
<i>Aeronautics</i>	13
<i>Foreign News</i>	14
<i>The Theatre</i>	18
<i>Art</i>	20
<i>Sport</i>	24
<i>Science</i>	28
<i>Business & Finance</i>	30
<i>Milestones</i>	34
<i>Education</i>	36
<i>Books</i>	37
<i>The Press</i>	38
<i>People</i>	39

National Affairs—(Continued)

that all good Baptists are expected to vote against Smith, for Hoover.

Hoover Speech

Lifting up his voice in Newark, N. J., Nominee Hoover addressed himself to Labor, including "the woman who stays at home as the guardian of the welfare of the family. She is a partner on the job and the wages."

He said: "Behind every job is a vast, intricate and delicately adjusted system of interlocked industries dependent upon skilled leadership."

He said: "The modern relationships of government and industry are a tangled mass of economic and social problems. They are neither abstract propositions nor statistics. They are very human things. They can make for the happiness of every home in our country."

He harked back to 1921 when "anxiety for daily bread haunted nearly one quarter of our 23 million families."

He recalled how the Republican administration called a conference of which he was chairman; how "within a year we restored . . . five million workers to employment" and produced stability, prosperity. . . . This recovery and this stability are no accident. It has not been achieved by luck."

Present depression in the coal and textile industries were touched on lightly, explained briefly. Then came a table of statistics showing how many more pounds of "that useful mixture," bread and butter, the U. S. wage-earner can buy with his wages than any other wage-earner in the world.

Nominee Hoover said: "The Republican administration makes no claim to credit which belongs to the enterprise, energy and character of a great people."

Protective tariff, restricted immigration, the Commerce Department's service to exporters, its fostering of industrial efficiency were next mentioned. Specifically cited was the reduction "by nearly one-half" of the seasonal idling period in the building trades.

The Hoover promise for a billion-dollar Federal works program "to take up the slack of occasional unemployment" was repeated.

There was also repetition of the Hoover doctrine that efficiency in industry is "the road to the abolition of poverty."

The use of injunctions in labor disputes got two short paragraphs. Such use must not be "excessive," said the Nominee.

Conclusion:

"He would be a rash man who would state that we are finally entering the industrial millennium, but there is a great ray of hope that America is finding herself on the road to a solution of the greatest of all her problems. That problem is to adjust our economic system to our racial ideals.

"At such a time as this a change in national policies involves not—as some may lightly think—only a choice between different roads by either of which we may go forward, but a question also as to whether we may not be taking the wrong



© U. & U.

MR. HOOVER'S MOSES

. . . honors Work.

road and moving backward. The measure of our national prosperity, of our stability, of our hope of further progress at this time is the measure of what we may risk through a change in present policies. More than once in our national history a change in policies in a time of advancement has been quickly followed by a turn toward disaster. . . ."

In the Midlands

(See front cover)

Nominee Smith, with a formidable collection of advisers and impedimenta, entered the Midwest last week on the first militant move of his campaign (see Democrats). Missouri's inflammatory Senator James A. Reed was about to pass through to arouse the Northwest. Democratic money was pouring into Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, the Dakotas. The Brown Derby was out to line up the 1924 LaFollette vote.

Nominee Hoover, having paid his respects to the Midwest on his return from Notification (TIME, Sept. 3), and having inspected the work that has been done for him there, was content to leave the region's defense to his Chicago headquarters and to Nominee Curtis, who set out from Washington to criss-cross the trails of Smith and Reed for 5,000 miles. Nominee Hoover gave his own attention to the East. Red fire and amplifiers were in readiness for him at Newark, N. J. His Eastern managers redoubled their efforts in very dubious New York and dubious Massachusetts.

Dr. Hubert Work, National G. O. P. Chairman, is charged with Hooverizing all the land. Under him in the East, definitely restrained and subordinated, is ebullient Senator George Higgins Moses of New Hampshire. At Chicago, Dr. Work's name appears in handsome letters in the Hoover offices at 333 North Michigan Avenue (20th and 21st floors). But the pink-white-

and-gray man in the office is only formally subordinate to Dr. Work. After seeing how ably the Midwestern cornerstone of his vote was being swung into place and how carefully the cement was being mixed, Nominee Hoover gave pink-white-and-gray James William Good implicit freedom and full control at Chicago. When Dr. Work goes to New York he feels free to issue suggestions and vetoes to Senator Moses. When he goes to Chicago, as he did on the eve of the Smith invasion, he just sits and listens to Mr. Hoover's Good.

The eleven States of the Midwest with their 149 electoral votes are to the G. O. P. what the eleven States of the South, with 124 electors, are to the Democracy. They are the cornerstone, the bulwark, among which "bolts" and "splits" and outright transitions occur far less frequently than among the eleven Western States, the eleven Eastern States, the four Border States.

This year the Midwest loomed more important than ever because it was throughout the Midwest that the Hoover nomination was most bitterly opposed. In Ohio there was Willis; in Indiana, Watson; in Illinois, Lowden; in Nebraska, Norris; in Kansas, Curtis—all, except Lowden and Curtis, more downright anti-Hooverish than outright ambitious.

That there would be a scramble in the midlands over the 1928 nomination was visible a year ago. Herbert Hoover began looking around for a Midwestern manager. It was natural for him to ask James William Good, a onetime (1909-1921) Congressman from Iowa. Secretary Hoover had known Congressman Good as an able legislative Committeeman. He came from Cedar Rapids, near the Hoover birthplace (West Branch). Above all, he was the man who had organized the Midwest for Calvin Coolidge in the 1924 campaign.

Stories to the effect that James William Good is one of Mr. Hoover's "discoveries," one of his Bright Young Men, are absurd. Mr. Hoover was lucky to get him and he probably owes getting him to Calvin Coolidge. After "I do not choose," Mr. Good dropped in at the White House one day and told President Coolidge he again felt like organizing the Midwest for some one, perhaps his fellow townsman of Evanston, Ill., Vice President "Charlie" Dawes. President Coolidge froze. Mr. Good departed. Later he returned and said he might organize for Secretary Hoover. President Coolidge unfroze, said that might be a good idea.

It is now an old story how "Sir James," as he was called during the Anglophobe phase of the anti-Hoover campaign in the Midwest, bravely sowed seeds of Hooverism from the Alleghenies to the Ozarks; how, at and after Kansas City, first the blade and then the ear, then the whole Corn Belt appeared, a party united again in time for the Hoover harvest-home at West Branch last month.

It was generally predicted that Mr. Good would be National Chairman. Why he was not is still a mystery. Perhaps the explanation is that a shirt-sleeve diplomat who can harmonize the anti-salooners, dirt-farmers, public utilitarians, idealists,

National Affairs—(Continued)

Klansmen, social leaders, social climbers, sound businessmen, magnates, housewives and mugwumps that comprise the G. O. P. in the Midwest, would be wasted as a figurehead at a big shiny desk in Washington, shaking the hands of ladies and lame ducks; reading workers' reports and issuing national propaganda.

The Good office in Chicago is by far the busiest focus of the Hoover campaign. To it go all Republican bigwigs on their to's and fro's through the land. To it go all political pundits and special correspondents for the most commanding view of the G. O. P.'s condition throughout the nation. There the Northwest hears what is being done on the Border and in the South; the Far West hears about the East; the Farmer about Wall Street, the cotton-grower about the New England mills. There Mr. Good summons or receives men from leagues around to tell him things or get orders. His calling list in the two weeks alone included four cabinet members (West, J. J. Davis, Wilbur, Jardine); National Committeemen from North Dakota, Utah, Montana, Colorado; the Wisconsin gubernatorial nominee, Walter Jodok Kohler, and friends; Theodore Roosevelt the Younger; Nominee Curtis; Chairman Work. Senator Watson telephones constantly from Indiana. Senator Brookhart bustles in and out from Iowa. Senator Deneen of Illinois pokes in, by letter or in person, to complain that Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, the party's nominee for Congressman-at-large, is being given undue advantages by the national organization, advantages that may help her oust Senator Deneen and take his seat in 1930.

The Good offices resemble those of any prosperous corporation—walnut furniture and woodwork, glass partitions, trim stenographers, pictures of the company's products—Hoover, Curtis, Coolidge, Dawes, McKinley, Taft, Roosevelt, Mrs. Hoover, Mrs. Coolidge, James William Good. . . . As in most G. O. P. offices this year, there is no picture of Product Harding. . . . A telegraph instrument chatters with nervous importance down the hall. There are private wires, telephone as well as telegraph, to both Washington and New York. . . . Throngs of people, some important, some trying to look important, "confer" in standing groups of two, three, four. . . . Throngs of Mr. Good's assistants come, go, confer. One is named Hainer Hinshaw. The office believes he is a distant relative of the Nominee. . . . One of the department heads is Col. Hanford MacNider, who resigned last winter as Assistant Secretary of War and in June got mentioned for the Vice Presidency. Another (Oh, shrewd Mr. Good) is Farmer Lowden's good friend, James G. Oglesby.

Conversation is drowned out now and again by grainboats whistling for bridges in the Chicago River, beneath the windows—insistent voices of the Farm Problem.

A drove of little elephants ornaments Mr. Good's personal office—on inkstand, bookends, paperweights. His complexion remains that of a hard indoor worker. It



© U. & U.

MR. HOOVER'S WORK ... honors Good.

has been organization and politics with him all summer, with only a few games of golf mixed in even on Sundays. When he does get off he goes to the Glen View Club, oldtime haunt of the late Fred W. Upham, treasurer of the Harding campaign.

Wisconsin and Minnesota are the Midwestern States which the Democrats have been claiming most persistently. Mr. Good was frank to say last week that "an educational campaign on the farm problem is essential." He arrives at decisions like this by forming Hoover-Curtis clubs throughout a State and from their reports compiling a cross section of the State's sentiment. He then prepares material, inspects the local machinery for distributing it and fires away.

He is more chary than less experienced organizers (*viz.* Raskob) about making claims of States or predictions of majorities. But he yields to no man as a writer of propaganda. In a bulletin which he composed last week he pictured Nominee Hoover as virtually the sole author of Coolidge Prosperity and the latter as a "world wonder." Money is what counts in an election but fine phrases help and James William Good knows it. It is very much like being an apostolic missionary. Sometimes you have to wrestle for a man's political soul for hours and hours. Sometimes you can win him in a trice with a ponderous period. And tiresome though it is to turn out ponderous periods, life is often brightened by the gorgeous retorts of the heathen. For example, this is the answer one Hooverizer got when he approached an insurgent South Dakota editor: "I am for Hoover just about as far as you can throw our party elephant by the pin feathers with your arm broken in four places!"

Colonel Mann. Nominee Hoover has a Moses, a Good, a Work and a Mann. The four names might be worked into a campaign jingle, but for the fact that Mr. Hoover's Mann is very seldom officially

mentioned in the party. After he has performed in the East and Nominee Smith is through in the Midwest, Nominee Hoover is going to make a trip unprecedented in G. O. P. history. He is going into the mountainous, Dry, Protestant, eastern end of Tennessee, up among the hill-billies, to small Elizabethton. He will go not so much as the G. O. P.'s nominee but more as a distinguished citizen seeking his fellow citizens' votes for the Presidency. There are a lot of Republican voters in Eastern Tennessee and the Democrats there are Jackson Democrats. That means dry, rural, Protestant, and every one knows that Citizen Hoover's opponent is Wet, urban, Roman Catholic. Citizen Hoover will stand there on the mountains and address all the anti-Smith Democrats in the South. It was an idea of Col. Horace A. Mann's.

Col. Mann is a Tennessean of obscure origin, no relation of the late great educator, Horace Mann.* Republicans know, however, that Col. Mann is a considerable educator himself.

He is a lawyer. He used to play poker with President Harding. He turned up at the Kansas City convention last June with even more pledges and proxies of Southern delegates and alternates than Virginia's wily C. Bascom Slemph had collected. He helped the Hoover nomination, more covertly but little less substantially than James William Good. Then he dropped out of sight until last month, when it became apparent that he had been commissioned by Nominee Hoover to work, independently of the National Republican Committee, for a fusion of the South's anti-Smith Democrats and the Southern G. O. P. It was Col. Mann's idea that the Negro element of the Southern G. O. P. should be so far as possible eliminated, especially from the electoral tickets. As a result there is not a single Negro elector on a Southern ticket this fall. Anti-Smith Democrats, appreciating this courtesy, have flocked to accept nominations as Hoover electors.

The New York *World* sent an investigator to Col. Mann's office in Washington, which is maintained a mile from Republican headquarters and saves Dry Democrats the embarrassment of being seen crossing the party line. The investigator asked for campaign material "suitable for distribution among the women who would not be interested in economic matters." The investigator reported, and later swore, that one of Col. Mann's assistants offered to take her to the office of *The Fellowship Forum*, Ku Klux Klan sheet, published in Washington. There the investigator found that, for nominal prices, bales of stuff could be had attacking Nominee Smith for Popery. "Who pays the Klan?" asked the *World*.

Col. Mann contradicted the *World* investigator's affidavit. She had, he said, hung around his office and pestered for scurrilous material, although repeatedly told there was none to be had. Going to *The Fellowship Forum* was her own idea, said Col. Mann.

*Horace Mann, first secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education (1837-41), created a system of public schools which served as a model for many another state.

National Affairs—(Continued)

DEMOCRATS

Votes

Additions to the Smith movement included:

Charles W. Clark, mining man, Republican since 1896, son of the late, famed Senator William Andrews Clark of Montana. Reason: "Whether they wish to or not the American people today must recognize that the main issue of this campaign is that of personal liberty."

Ray Stannard Baker ("David Grayson"), author and publicist, biographer of Woodrow Wilson. Reason: "Candid, progressive, humane." Non-partisan, a friend of both Nominees, Mr. Baker kept both their pictures on his study wall until he made up his mind. Last week he removed the Hoover picture.

Mrs. Curtis L. Guild, widow of a one-time (1906-09) Governor of Massachusetts, Republican. Reason: "The Republican Party needs reforming."

Ralph Adams Cram, Boston architect, medievalist, "high-church" Episcopalian. Reason: "To express my own disgust at the ignorance and superstition now rampant . . . this recrudescence of blatant bigotry."

Thomas Gerald Condon and Spruille Braden, mining men, Manhattan Republicans. Reason: Prohibition.

Jerome Davis Greene, Manhattan Republican, partner in Lee, Higginson & Co., long associated with the Rockefeller Foundation. Reason: doubt that Nominee Hoover has sufficient "diplomacy and tact" to lead Congress and public opinion.

"I have selected my man as carefully as I chose my first pair of long trousers. Of course I am for Governor Smith. I find that most intelligent and broadminded young people heartily approve of him. Briefly, Smith is more of a man than Hoover, has a better record and would make a better President."—Austin Lamont, youngest son of Thomas William Lamont, partner in J. P. Morgan & Co. Mr. Lamont Sr., is a Hooverite.

Finley Peter Dunne, John Erskine, Montague Glass, Owen Johnson, Rupert Hughes, Anita Loos, Anne Nichols, Channing Pollock, Sherwood Anderson, H. L. Mencken—and 149 other novelists, poets, composers, playwrights, publicists—as an Author's Committee.

Black Jack Democrat

Alarmed, peppery little Senator Carter Glass of Virginia sent a telegram to Manhattan. Reassuring, lively little Chairman John J. Raskob of the Democracy telegraphed back: "The story of Jack Johnson being authorized to speak on behalf of the Democratic National Committee is cheap Republican propaganda. Johnson has no connection with this committee in any capacity."

Mr. Johnson, onetime (1908-15) world's champion heavyweight pugilist, is working locally for the Democrats. Last December he was made a Democratic Committeeman in the Second Ward of Chicago. The theory was that he, one of



©Henry Miller

MR. HOOVER'S MANN

"Who pays the Klan?"

(See p. 9)

the most famed Negroes of all time, could do much toward organizing the Chicago Black Belt the way Harlem had been organized by the New York Democrats.

In January, Committeeman Johnson reported to TIME:

"We . . . are glad to state that we are meeting with wonderful success. Members are coming in daily, glad for a chance to receive their long delayed political justice.

"Knowing as they do the fair policy of Tammany Hall, they are throwing their loyal support to our organization, far beyond our most sanguine expectations.

"I shall in the future as in the past do my full duty to my country and my race."

Political speculators wondered how Black Jack Democrat's "sanguine expectations" might have been affected by Little John Democrat's somewhat insulting denial of any connection between them.

Warrior

September began to wane and the friends and enemies of The Happy Warrior* agreed that, so far, he had not got off the defensive.

First there was Charles C. Marshall, in the *Atlantic Monthly* of March 1927, on Roman Catholicism. The Warrior answered that.

Then there was the Dry bloc at Houston. The Warrior surmounted it, but not without losses.

Then there was William Allen White and Vice. The Warrior enmeshed Mr. White but came out under the sign of the saloon.

Then there was Preacher Straton and more Vice, more saloons. The Warrior was so vexed that he "dignified an insect with an incident."

Then there was extravagance. The War-

*"Victory is his habit—the happy warrior—Alfred E. Smith." (Franklin D. Roosevelt in his nominating speech.)

rior answered Under-Secretary of the Treasury Ogden Livingston Mills, but not so bravely but that Mr. Mills could still rebut with a semblance of conviction. The Warrior's terms as Governor of New York had been costly, perhaps for good reasons. But the Warrior did not restate the reasons. Instead he shifted "blame" to the Republican Legislatures that had voted appropriations under him. It was defensive move Number Five.

Finally, culminating last week when the Warrior was starting West, there was the Whispering Campaign—on Roman Catholicism (again), Drunkenness, Social Eligibility (TIME, Sept. 17). It was mean. It was poisonous. It was unworthy of the Nominee it helped. But it persisted and the Warrior's friends grew wroth. Chairman Work of Hooverism disowned the Whispers. But Chairman Work, perhaps forgetting President Roosevelt's historic misunderstoodness about liquor, could not refrain from adding: "Why is it necessary for a man's friends to deny that he is intoxicated?"

In the last week of preparation for his first national appearance, the Warrior tried to point at a specific Whispser and track it down. A man named Keenan in Parkersburg, West Va., had written him that a woman named Bauer in Parkersburg was passing around word that a woman named Sanford in Syracuse, N. Y., had written her that she had seen the Warrior "disgustingly intoxicated" at the Syracuse, N. Y., State Fair. It was just the sort of story that is heard at least weekly by most of the Warrior's friends and foes alike.

The Warrior got an exoneration from a New York State Senator who had been with him constantly at the Syracuse fair. He got a denial of the letter from its alleged writer and an evasion from its alleged recipient. Then he issued a document entitled: "Nailing a Lie in the Whispering Campaign."

The effect on Smith sympathizers was one of satisfaction. But nailing a lie in a whispering campaign is much like nailing an ant on a rotten plank. The hammer blows shake out a lot of other ants and start them swarming furiously. A lot of the Brown Derby's best friends wished that the unhappy Warrior would leave lie-nailing to his assistants and confine himself to constructive campaigning.

The Post Office Department (Harry S. New of Indiana, Postmaster General) made a gesture in answer to the charge that, by laxity, it was aiding the Whispering Campaign. At Baltimore, Postmaster Benjamin F. Woelper seized 100 anti-Smith postcards which Postmaster General New later pronounced the work of "a depraved and degenerate mind."

Clarence A. Barnes a Republican candidate for Attorney-General of Massachusetts, annoyed the Happy Warrior by picking up some New York State talk about a gambling pool on major league baseball games which operated "in the shadow of the Capitol" at Albany. Nominee Smith had declared himself technically impotent to act in this matter (there undeniably was a gambling pool) when Col.

National Affairs—(Continued)

Roosevelt the Younger stumped around making the same charge.

Nominee Smith invited Mr. Barnes to Albany to point out physically and prove legally the existence of the devilish pool. Mr. Barnes wrote back and set a date, Sept. 19. The Nominee replied again and sarcastically, regretted that he would be out of Albany then, but recommended Mr. Barnes to the Albany County District Attorney. Again, somehow, this was inconclusive, savoring of defense.

Yet one more Whisper arose to offend the Warrior. Alfred Emanuel Smith Jr. is an up-and-coming young lawyer in Manhattan. The local Institute for Public Service last week popped out with the report that Lawyer "Al Jr." had received 38 "professional opportunities," *i. e.*, assigned law cases, from Tammany judges whose duty it was to appoint a defender, receiver or referee. The Smith son-in-law, Lawyer Francis J. Quillinan (lately married to the Warrior's daughter Catherine) was shown to have received 22 cases. The unfairness of the thing was that the number of cases assigned to other young lawyers was not mentioned for comparison. Nor was the ability of the young lawyers in question evaluated. The embarrassing feature for the Smiths was that of the several judges who made the assignments, two (the Hons. Joseph M. Proskauer and Bernard L. Shientag) were to accompany the Warrior on his campaign and a third, the Hon. Thomas C. T. Crain, was getting himself considered last week (among others) as a candidate to succeed the Warrior as Governor. All this led to a further question of propriety: should judges enter so actively into politics?

Came a bright September evening and the Warrior sprang from the defense into militant campaigning. In a new brown derby, with Mrs. Smith on his arm, he boarded an elaborate eleven-car special train at Albany. As it sped westward, a big red bull's-eye sign on the back platform announced: "Smith-Robinson Special—the Victory Ticket."

On board were four tons of campaign literature, a reference library, 43 newspapermen, eight photographers and a group of the Nominee's best friends and advisers. He was bound, via Chicago, for Omaha, to speak out on farm relief. He was going into nine states, carefully selected on the basis of their presidential vote in 1924. It was a dash and a drive to capture Kansas and Colorado which Calvin Coolidge carried by large majorities; Minnesota and Wyoming, which Calvin Coolidge carried by small majorities; Montana, North Dakota and Nebraska, which Calvin Coolidge carried with fewer votes than Democrat Davis and Progressive La Follette divided between them; Oklahoma and Wisconsin, which Calvin Coolidge did not carry. . . . In Manhattan, Lawyer Frank P. Walsh, one of the late La Follette's campaign managers, now chairman of a Progressive League which is working for the brown Derby, claimed 90% of La Follette's 5,000,000 votes in 1924 for Smith in 1928.

CATASTROPHE

Great Winds

West Indies. Last week the Caribbean suddenly became still under a windless sky. Seabirds wheeled inland, crying. Small boats with flapping, empty sails were sculled to harbor. On the Virgin Islands natives took to their homes in the hills, jabbered warnings to each other. Voodoo priests crept about selling charms against death. Everywhere faces looked southeast.

Then a low whine of wind sounded across the water, quivered the palm fronds. Far out the sea turned frothy with white-caps. The sun grew blood-red. The whine of wind became a scream and the sky shrieked. Roofs, bodies and trees were lifted like paper, scattered abroad. Over the shores rose the tortured sea. The sky was dark.

Up from the Lesser Antilles had come a hurricane. Its centre moved along slowly, nine or ten miles per hour, but the vast volume of air it sucked went raging by at 130 m. p. h.

Porto Rico. The storm's first major victim was Porto Rico, which it left torn and disrupted. The island has a population of 1,400,000. It was estimated that at least half of this number were left homeless. Chaos prevented a complete count of the dead, but early reports from nine towns indicated that 263 were known to have perished. In San Juan, the principal city, 300 chattering consumptives were forced into the open. Seventy lepers, the roofs of their colony blown away, were gingerly herded into an administration building.

All over the island rich coffee and citrus crops were destroyed. All agriculture suffered. Communication, light and power systems were out of commission. The 600-foot towers at the Navy radio station were toppled. Water service was suspended and the population collected rain water from the heavy showers that fell continuously after the hurricane. The darkened streets were littered with debris.

Horace Mann Towner, governor of the island, hurriedly cabled the War Department: "Full relief and reconstruction will probably reach into millions." Refugees from the rural districts poured into San Juan. Food prices skyrocketed. Eight representative islanders, watching three days pass in aimless water-soaked turmoil, wrote to the governor. "For 72 hours," they stated, "more than 300,000 people of this island, to estimate conservatively, have had little or nothing to eat and they will have nothing to eat for at least another week unless immediate and drastic action is taken. . . . Disease and famine are already here." They urged four relief measures: 1) martial law; 2) requisition of all food supplies and materials; 3) coastwise relief for other parts of the island via boats; 4) the drafting of all available manpower for public service. Again Governor Towner cabled. He beseeched all available aid from the Red Cross and other sources. The estimated property damage was \$65,000,000.

Florida. The storm whirled northward, grazed Santo Domingo, isolated the

Bahamas, cut off all wireless communication. Persons in Florida remembered the hurricane of 1926 and were not a little timorous. They sought shelter. The gale struck 80 miles of Florida coast between Jupiter Inlet and Miami, a region which includes Palm Beach. Reports from this area were fragmentary, telephone and telegraph service was interrupted. But it seemed that the hurricane had diminished in violence during its passage from Porto Rico. Nineteen, at last report, were dead on the East coast of Florida. President Coolidge, alarmed, called on nation and Red Cross for help.

Relief. The Red Cross concentrated its national organization. Henry M. Baker, National Director of Disaster Relief, hurried to Porto Rico on a destroyer. Public subscriptions were begged from the nation by radio, press and pulpit. Preparations were made to purchase tons of supplies for shipment to the Caribbean. In Florida, Nominee Robinson of the Democracy interrupted his campaigning to aid in relief.

Diagnosis. Forecaster Mitchell of the U. S. Weather Bureau spoke of hurricanes. "They are probably gentle little eddies of air at first," he said, "but gather momentum owing to differences in temperature and air pressure until they become gigantic whirls, sucking air toward their central vortices like gargantuan vacuum cleaners." Caribbean hurricanes of more or less violence are common near the autumnal Equinox. Last week's winds were reported to have attained at times the unusual velocity of 145 m. p. h.

Illinois. A twisting, strangely swooping tornado lacerated Rockford, Ill. Throughout the city, buildings were damaged. The Rockford Cabinet Company collapsed with 150 workers. Thirty-four were injured, eleven killed and four missing, presumably under tons of debris. Estimated property damage: \$5,000,000.

Nebraska, South Dakota. Two tornadoes struck rural districts of Nebraska and South Dakota. Eleven were killed, among them Schoolmistress Rooney, who was tossed 300 feet. Estimated property damage: \$1,000,000.

CORRUPTION

Common Customs

If a public servant, for a bribe or whatever, permits the violation of a law, he is Corrupt.

Is a private citizen Corrupt who, by bribery or otherwise, tries to make or save money by breaking or evading the law?

The U. S. customs and Prohibition laws are probably the ones most commonly broken by the general run of U. S. citizens. Two incidents last week, though involving no evidence of attempted bribery, set citizens wondering about Corruption among private citizens.

Ziegfeld's Folly. Across the U. S. boundary line at Rouse's Point, N. Y., came a train of which one unit was the "Roamer," private car of Jacob Leonard Replogle, New York Steelman. Mr. and Mrs. Replogle were aboard and so were Dr. Jerome Wagner of Manhattan, a brother of U. S. Senator Robert Wagner of New York, and Florenz Ziegfeld, famed

National Affairs—(Continued)

girl-glorifier, producer of the perennial *Follies*. They had been visiting at the Wagner camp near Quebec.

It was 9 a. m. and the Messrs. Ziegfeld and Wagner had not arisen for the day. Neither had the Repluges. When the Customs inspector came through, Mr. Ziegfeld said yes, he had no alcoholics. The Repluges said no, they had none either. Dr. Wagner, however, spoke up and admitted he had some whiskey left in a bottle. The "Roamer's" porter confessed he had a bottle of beer.

The inspector frowned, apologized, searched, discovered:

Whiskey 50 bottles
Brandy 54 bottles
Ale 44 bottles

Mr. and Mrs. Replug denied all knowledge of where it came from. But the "Roamer" was uncoupled and detained at Rouse's Point until Dr. Wagner and Producer Ziegfeld had been fined \$614.

Lawyer Steuer.* In Manhattan, it leaked out that Max D. Steuer had been obliged to pay \$5,251.30 in duties and fines for an improper customs declaration which his wife had made out for them jointly. Inspectors had discovered \$2,625.65 (U. S. value) worth of dresses, lingerie, etc., etc., in the Steuer luggage which Mrs. Steuer had neglected to mention.

It was embarrassing for Mr. Steuer because he already enjoys a fame bordering on notoriety. He is a lawyer. Not brilliant mentally, he excels at courtroom melodramatics of a type which many a jury has found seductive. "The Belasco of the Bar," he has been called, by persons not trying to compliment Producer David Belasco.

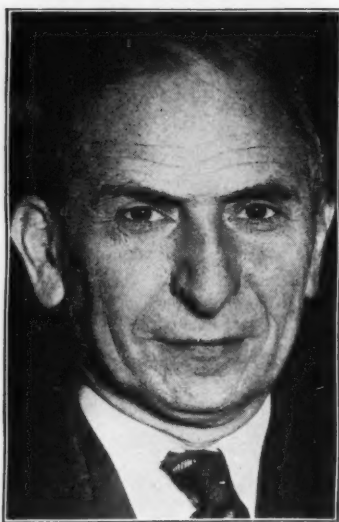
Lawyer Steuer hastened to explain that the undeclared goods had all belonged to his wife, not to himself. Then "merely . . . to demonstrate that there was no possibility for the Government to be wronged of a cent or that she or I should profit a cent," Lawyer Steuer made this astonishing statement:

"I would like to call attention to the fact that whatever is paid by way of customs duties is deductible from income tax. My income tax for the year 1928 will be (as it has for many years been and would be if I had no income for the balance of the year) very many times \$900 and many times \$5,251. Mrs. Steuer's income tax, separately payable by her upon her income, amounts to many times \$900 and a number of times \$5,251.

Coming from a lawyer who demands the fees that he does, this Steuerism was either astounding stupidity or an example of bold, high-priced trickery. U. S. customs duties are deductible, not from one's income tax, but from one's gross income. Moreover, penalties or fines paid for infractions of the law are in no case deductible.

In Philadelphia

More and more turbulent grew Philadelphia's liquor ring investigation (TIME, Sept. 17). The city's bootleggers, finding the local distilling plants padlocked were not downhearted. They ordered shipments



LAWYER STEUER

. . . gave a demonstration.

(See col 1)

of alcohol from Porto Rico via New York. These goods were seized, however.

Mayor Mackey of Philadelphia clutched the rostrum of the Arch Street Methodist Episcopal Church and begged Evangelist "Billy" Sunday to conduct "a great campaign in this city as an antidote to the bootlegger, hi-jacker and gunman." Mr. Sunday, responding, said the proposition was attractive.

Federal Agents. To the railroad station went newsmen, photographers, city officials. They met an incoming train. On board was George E. ("Hardboiled") Golding, "ace" of the Federal Prohibition Bureau, and eight assistants. Big, bespectacled Mr. Golding and his staff had recently combatted Chicago beer-runners with their own methods of shooting and blackjacking. This bravura policy is said to have caused Mr. Golding's removal. Previous to Chicago, he had operated in Cleveland, where he secured 112 indictments. The Golding fame rests largely on the Golding flair for secrecy. But never did soft shoe men indulge in such a brouhaha of publicity as did Mr. Golding in Philadelphia. He issued detailed announcements. He had his sleuths grouped and photographed at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. It was obvious that Mr. Golding wanted to give Philadelphia's 'leggers an even break. People said it was because Philadelphia is Republican and too many discoveries there might be embarrassing to Mr. Golding's superior, Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney General. As everyone knows, Mrs. Willebrandt is a Hooverizer of almost reckless intensity.

Bigwigs. Before their own Grand Jury the Federals began by reviewing the case of one Joel D. Kerper, "society bootlegger," whose headquarters were raided on July 20. The examination of 'Legger Kerper's records disclosed the names of many famed Philadelphians, presumably bigwigs who had dickered with him. Among

these were: D. B. Cummins Catherwood, banker; Gardner Cassat, banker & broker; Roland R. Foulke, attorney & active churchman; Maxwell R. Marston, onetime (1923) national amateur golf champion; Major Anthony Joseph Drexel Biddle, author, lecturer, explorer, founder of the "Athletic Christianity" movement. Subpoenas were scattered far and wide.

Alfred E. Norris, Manhattan stockbroker, was indicted on a charge of conspiracy with 'Legger Kerper, who was alleged to have sent some 15 shipments of liquor to the broker's apartment. Special Assistant Attorney General Davis hoped to set a precedent for prosecuting buyers as well as vendors. He did not, however, neglect 'Legger Kerper, who was indicted on 33 counts.

"Boo Boo." In the meantime District Attorney Monaghan continued his examination of Max ("Boo Boo") Hoff, alleged Master Mind of Philadelphia's underworld. There was much evidence of Mr. Hoff's Christmas largesse to sympathetic policemen. Eighteen pound turkeys were the gifts he chose, and he gave them in flocks. Turkeys mysteriously appeared on the doorstep of many an officer who had never met Mr. Hoff. In 1926, said District Attorney Monaghan, "Boo Boo" gave \$250,000 worth of Christmas presents to policemen.

RACES

Unfit

Robert White Lanier, Negro stowaway on Polar Pilgrim Byrd's flagship, *The City of New York*, was the cause of an exulting editorial in the *Pittsburgh Courier* (famed Negro newspaper), which said: "Whatever goes on in the world there always seems to be a Negro there" (TIME, Sept. 17).

Last week, stowaway Lanier was removed from *The City of New York* at Colon, Panama, because he is physically unfit for antarctic exploration; he has a police record for disorderly conduct and abusive language.

POLITICAL NOTES

"As Goes . . . So Goes . . ."

The season of State conventions and primary elections progressed last week to the augury stage.

Maine. Though its presidential vote has been chronically Republican since the Civil War, with the exception of the split-year 1912, there is a certain post-mortem parallelism between Maine's state-election votes in September and the nation's presidential votes two months later. There was, accordingly, nationwide Republican whoopee when William Tudor Gardiner, Republican, was elected Governor of Maine by an 82,000 majority over Edward C. Moran, Jr., Democrat. It was the largest G. O. P. margin in Maine history and was shared generally by the full ticket for Senator and Representatives.

The Brown Derby ignored or belittled the occurrence. Arch-Hooverites said: "It's all over, including the shouting."

Georgia. Newspapers of a certain cast had been predicting severe inroads on the regular Democratic vote of Georgia by

*Pronounced "Staw-yer."

National Affairs—(Continued)

the Hoover Democrats. Last week Georgia Democrats voted. Governor Lammartine Griffin Hardman, pro-Smith, was renominated comfortably. In the Fifth Congressional District (Atlanta), excitement ensued between Representative Leslie J. Steele and onetime (1919-27) Representative William ("Earnest Willie") Upshaw, who sought to "come back" with Anathema Smith as his one issue. Mr. Upshaw, a cripple with a tireless, high-pitched voice, an extensive Biblical and patriotic vocabulary and a standing offer to use all for the Anti-Saloon League, was comfortably beaten by Mr. Steele.

Washington. The alleged issue was Tacoma v. the Timber Interests in a Republican fight between Chairman Albert Johnson of the House Committee on Immigration and one Homer T. Bone of Tacoma for the nomination to Mr. Johnson's seat. Mr. Johnson won narrowly. Other Republican winners were Governor Roland H. Hartley (renominated) and Kenneth MacIntosh. The latter outran Miles Poin-dexter, oldtime (1911-23) Senator, retired Ambassador to Peru, for nomination to the Senate seat now occupied by Washington's Clarence C. Dill. Democrats nominated Lawyer A. Scott Bullitt of Seattle to run against Governor Hartley. Senator Dill's renomination was unopposed.

Arizona. Senator Henry Fountain Ashurst, famed Boulder Dam filibusterer, handily won his Democratic renomination. Democrat-George Wylie Paul Hunt, Arizona's habitual (1911-19; 1923-28) Governor, was put up for an eighth term. If Arizona goes in November as in September, Senator Ashurst will be re-elected by three-to-one over Republican Nominee Ralph H. Cameron. Governor Hunt's opponent will be Judge John C. Phillips.

Colorado. The biggest question in Colorado was whether or not Denver's Democrats were as Wet as when, last year, they sent S. Harrison White to the House. They were. Mr. White was renominated about three-to-one. Attorney-General William L. Boatright was nominated by Republicans to contest Governor William H. Adams' re-election.

New Mexico. Republicans renominated Governor Richard C. ("Honest Dick") Dillon, famed in his last campaign for his 22-word campaign speeches, and objections to wearing a dress suit at his inaugural ball. Governor Dillon said he might cut his campaign speeches this year to eleven words. His opponent: Democrat Bob Dow, cowboy Attorney-General.

New Hampshire. Charles W. Tobey, oldtime Roosevelt Republican, won the G. O. P. nomination for governor from Ora A. Brown. Mr. Brown had the backing of Governor Huntley N. Spaulding and of Senator George Higgins Moses, Hooverism's busy-bustling Eastern chief.

Vermont. In respect to its public servants, Republican Vermont has a "mountain rule," to wit: no Governor shall serve twice; the position shall alternate between the eastern and western sections of the state, i.e., the two slopes of the Green Mountains. But last year Vermont had bad floods and economic upheaval.



© Wide World

THE DE SIBOURS

... got another holiday.

(See col. 3)

Governor John E. Weeks, oldtime West Sloper, handled himself and the crisis well, and the crisis included the drowning of Lieutenant-Governor S. Hollister Jackson of Barre (East Slope). In last week's primary, Governor Weeks, 74, "Vermont's Al Smith," had the temerity to offer "continuity of service" against tradition, and the popularity to carry it off. He was renominated, some 21,000 to 12,400 over Mayor Deavitt of Montpelier, Vermont's capital of the East Slope.

Personification

Who is the contemporary Personification of the Spirit of America?

Some might say Calvin Coolidge, *ex officio*.

Some might say ocean-daring, self-effacing Charles Augustus Lindbergh.

Perhaps an authority on the subject might be Will H. Hays, a man who has known the dominant political party of the U. S. from bottom to top; who is an Elk, a 32° Mason and an elder of a dominant U. S. church (Presbyterian); the man who reigns magisterially over a dominant U. S. industry (cinema). Mr. Hays helped open a "social club" for the cinema trade in Manhattan last week. New York's Mayor, trig, glib James John Walker, was also present. In the course of his speech, Mr. Hays indicated Mayor Walker, grew intense and said:

"He is a New Yorker, but more than any other man he personifies the Spirit of America."

It was announced last week that the Personification of the Spirit of America would begin this week to stump for the Brown Derby. First speech: Newark, N. J., Sept. 20.

AERONAUTICS

Airy Epigram

In the mess of epics which the newspapers print concerning bitter-faced aviators who fly grimly across oceans and continents for glory or their mothers there should be no word of a flight which began last week at Stag Lane Airdrome, near London. Not an epic but an airy epigram, it told the story of a rich old man and a charming lady and soldier.

The Rich Old Man was the celebrated Harry Gordon Selfridge who, as everyone knows, worked his way up through Marshall Field's Chicago department store before leaving the U. S. and setting himself up in England with a huge store of the same kind, a huge house in the centre of London, four children, and many dear friends, among whom the Dolly sisters are surely the most intimate.

Among the rich old man's four children, is the onetime Violet Selfridge, who is now the Vicomtesse de Sibour.*

Jacques de Sibour was an ace and a great ace in the War, a fact which not everyone knows who knows Jacques de Sibour. On marrying Violet Selfridge it became necessary for him to go to work in the Selfridge store for the rich old man. Thus Jacques de Sibour and his wife lived in Lansdowne House, the grand and picture-filled castle in the centre of London. When Jacques got a two weeks holiday, they toured all about the Mediterranean in a tiny airplane. When they were granted a longer vacation they flew to Abyssinia and built a house in the desperate mountains.

Last week the time had come when the Vicomte deserved another long holiday. He and his wife conferred as to what they should do. This time they had nine months at their disposal—obviously, the proper thing was a trip around the world. Obviously also, if you have been an ace, you understand that the majority of aeronautical accidents are the pilot's fault and that being up in the air, so long as no one is shooting at you from another plane, is as safe as being on the ground and much more pleasant. Accordingly, the de Sibours would go around the world in a \$3,250 airplane which uses 4½ gallons of gas and not quite a pint of oil per hour. It is a blue and silver Moth, named *Safari II*. The de Sibours will fly only when the weather is right and if they lose their way they will land their little plane most anywhere and get directions. They will be ferried across the largest bodies of water.

The Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Sibour had their hunting clothes sent on to Africa; trunks of tropical clothes together with trifles were despatched to Bombay and Penang. They took with them however in two bags which were stowed into the De Haviland Moth, evening clothes and other proper equipment for polite traveling. At the airdrome, a reporter asked questions which de Sibour

(Continued on p. 22)

*The title really belongs to Violet's younger sister who married Violet's husband's elder brother.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE LEAGUE

Schweinehund!!

"What Devil is riding Briand?"

"Double Faced Briand shows his true face."

"A knife in Germany's back from Briand."

"Evil Briand"

These comments, and others like them, sizzled from the sanctums of foremost Berlin editors, last week—even from such editors as urbane Georg Bernhard* and mild Henrich Rippler. . . †

The rest of the Teuton press simply bel-lowed SCHWEINEHUND!! at M. Aristide Briand, French Foreign Minister, old, baggy-trousered, shaggy-headed, and per-haps Europe's smartest statesman.

What may someday be remembered as "Briand's Schweinehund Speech" was de-livered last week before the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva. The presence of the Assembly was immaterial. Briand was talking straight to World Public Opinion, defending himself, France and the Allies, thrusting hard at a certain German and at Germany.

Muller's Barbs. The certain German is Hermann Müller, Chancellor of the Ger-man Reich. Last fortnight he gutturally addressed the League audience (TIME, Sept. 17), and thrust three barbs.

Barb One: Germany is now disarmed. Therefore, contended Herr Müller, the Allies are morally obligated to disarm, too. But they are not disarming.

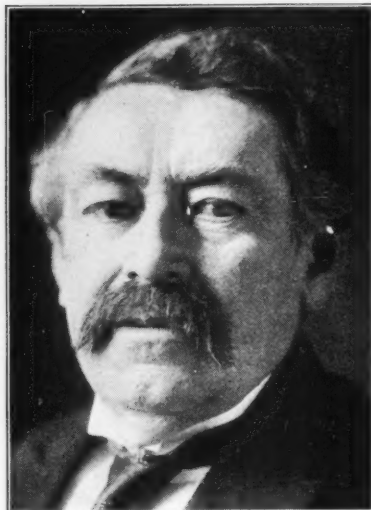
Barb Two: Germany is scrupulously fulfilling her Versailles Treaty obligations. Therefore, reminded Herr Müller, the Allies are reciprocally obligated (by a clause in the Treaty) to reward German good behavior with some such concession as early evacuation of the Rhineland.

Barb Three: Herr Müller implied that M. Briand is a hypocrite, just talks peace, disarmament, etc., etc., etc.

Briand's Thrusts. Never before has Peace Apostle Aristide Briand addressed the League in such militant, 100% French fashion as last week. Usually he exhales the grand hymn of International Concord. Last week he snapped like an angry Frenchman at enemy Germans: "It is very easy to make fine speeches about peace, and I know I have been reproached by my political enemies for producing words in-stead of deeds. I do not say that the Ger-man Chancellor is one of these reproach-ers. His speech was very eloquent. Still I could not help feeling that some such re-proach underlay it.

"We have been asked why, seeing that Germany is disarmed, all other countries are armed, especially France. But Ger-many is not completely disarmed.** She has 100,000 men, and what men! Fine

men—officers and non-commissioned offi-cers—and behind them enormous numbers who have shown in the late War what heroes they were. You cannot say that if another call to arms sounded they would



© U. & U.

EUROPE'S BRIAND

"All the principles have been settled and agreed upon by all."

not, for eight or ten years at least, be ready to come forward and fight."

So much for Germany's potential might. Next M. Briand implied that the Reich has a still mightier potential ally, Soviet Russia. Of the reds M. Briand said with heavy innuendo:

"There may be one European country, not yet a League member, which has in-creased its armaments while all others have decreased theirs.* Its signature is at-tached to the [Kellogg] Pact of Paris re-nouncing war of aggression, but I do not know that it has renounced another kind of warfare which some regarded as a holy war,† thinking they and they alone understand the truth which they desire to impose upon other countries."

Since Peace Prizer Briand's dander was now up, he digressed completely, to flay the many critics of the new, secret Anglo-French military-naval agreement (TIME, Aug. 13). Everyone now knows that the existence of the agreement was revealed through an incredibly stupid British blunder; and a further piece of British folly has been to keep the text dark after the fact of its existence leaked. Passion tinged the rich tones of Briand's voice as he cried: "France and Great Britain have been working together for the peace of the world, and have been singularly unfor-tunate.

"We had a very definite difference of view regarding certain questions concern-ing disarmament. We saw very little

*Russian war might is now less than under Nicholas II, but greater than it was in the early days of the Soviet State.

†I. E. "The World Revolution of the World Proletariat," preached with religious zeal by Reds.

chance for success on the part of the [League] Preparatory Commission for Disarmament unless we could come to some agreement, so we got together.

"They talk of secret clauses. All we were doing was endeavoring to assist the cause of disarmament."

Despite these plausible words, the secret continued kept.

Finally, having rubbed the wrong way Germany, Russia and all who hate "se-cret diplomacy," Aristide Briand cooled serenely down. He concluded that he was now ready to discuss with the German and Allied plenipotentiaries at Geneva what should be done, after all, about evac-uating the Rhineland.

By this time German news organs were already thundering SCHWEINEHUND!! Nay, one furious member of the German Delegation had actually to be restrained from assaulting M. Briand, at whom he yelled, "Slanderer! You know we are dis-arme!"

Even responsible correspondents cabled that all chance of adjusting the Rhine-land matter had completely broken down. Frenzy! But after a while someone ob-served that a notice had been pinned on the League press bulletin board, calling attention to the fact that His Excellency the Foreign Minister of France was now quite ready to sit down and negotiate coolly.

Code telegrams flew between Geneva and Berlin. President von Hindenburg sent several. Sick-abled German Foreign Minister Gustav Stresemann sent his con-fidential secretary flying to Hermann Mü-ller. Plainly, official Germany was amazed, staggered. But Aristide Briand repeated that now would be a good time to nego-tiate, now while the welkin rang with SCHWEINEHUND!!

Lightning. Of course, when people stopped to think, they realized that it was a good time to negotiate, and a good thing that Briand's lightning had darted, shocked.

The shock silenced potent French polit-ical opponents of Aristide Briand, who have been scaring French voters with bogey tales that Internationalist Briand is a menace to French security and ever ready to give Germany something for nothing, for example the Locarno Pacts. Such critics were squashed very nearly flat, last week, when the Foreign Min-ister's lightning produced a popular impres-sion that he must be as 100% French as stern, suspicious, watchful Prime Minister Raymond Poincaré, whom Germans hate & fear.

Moreover, the shock was potent in clear-ing the German popular mind of an im-pression that Pacifist Briand might be pre-vailed upon by Chancellor Müller to evacuate the Rhineland without cash com-pensation, just because it would be "right."

After the "Schweinehund Speech," how-ever, it was clear that Briand and Poin-caré are one in sticking for cash. This impression Lightninger Briand strongly confirmed by a quick trip from Geneva to Paris to confer with President Poincaré, and so back to negotiate with Chancellor Müller.

*Editor of the Democratic Right's pacifist *Vossische Zeitung*.

†Editor-owner of the *Taegliche Rundschau*, news organ of Foreign Minister Stresemann's Populist Party.

**If it could be established that Germany were not "disarmed" (within the meaning of the Ver-sailles Treaty) Germans would have good reason to expect a thoroughgoing "intervention" and bludgeoning by the Allies.

Foreign News—(Continued)

Success & Satisfaction. When the Briand-Müller pourparlers between German and Allied representatives were finally staged last week, agreement "in principle" was reached on the following enormously significant program: 1) Early evacuation of the Rhineland. Evacuation to involve the acceptance by Germany of a "Commission of Verification and Conciliation." The commission to be a continuing body, charged with reporting whether treaty obligations are being kept all round; 2) Compensation to the Allies for evacuating the Rhineland to be paid by Germany in accordance with the recommendations of a "Committee of Financial Experts." This committee will reopen with epochal significance the whole question of reparations.

As the statesmen emerged from their historic conference both Chancellor Müller and Foreign Minister Briand were beaming happily.

"Today's procedure means," cried Aristide Briand, "that final liquidation of the War has at last really begun. For myself I never doubted that the result of our pourparlers would be satisfactory, and so it is.

"All the principles have been settled and agreed upon by all. I am confident that the work of the experts which must now follow soon will also prove successful. Then within a few months at most—we will have the right to declare that at last we have fully cleared up the European situation."

League Business. Few people cared whether the League Assembly was in session, last week, but the Delegates achieved: 1) Election of Spain, Venezuela and Persia to three-year-term League Council seats, Spain being further voted the assurance of re-election when term expires; 2) Hand-clap for announcement by Baron Adachi that Japan's army is now down to 200,000 from War strength of 300,000; 3) Resolution of censure upon Chief League Undersecretary the Marquis Paulucci di Calboli Barone (onetime private secretary to Mussolini) because the Count is charged with trying to pop too many Fascists into League Secretariat posts.

INTERNATIONAL

Monarchisms

Royalists and Imperialists rejoiced, last week, as progress was made away from Democracy:

☛ Poland's eccentric dictator, Marshal Josef Pilsudski, was besought by 1,500 delegates of the Monarchist Party to proclaim himself "Emperor of Poland" last week.

Marshal Pilsudski who is now gulping mineral water at a Rumanian spa, "The Baths of Hercules," did not repudiate the suggestion of a Crown. Poland was of truly Imperial dimensions *circa* 1650 in the great days of Ladislas IV and John Casimir II.

☛ Since practically every Hungarian is a royalist, the perennial squabble between Budapest politicians is over whether to elect a king or to recognize the legitimate claim of Prince Otto of Habsburg. Last week legitimist Hungarians were wroth to

the point of oaths and tears because Prime Minister Count Stephen Bethlen has just appointed the leader of the electionists, Herr Julius Gömbös, to be Under Secretary for War.

At present Hungary is ruled by His Serene Highness Nicholas Horthy de Nagybanya, Governor of the Kingdom—which has yet to choose a king. Count Bethlen, virtually a dictator, leans covertly toward the electionists. The legitimists suspect him of wanting to snatch for himself 45-year old Prince Otto's Crown.

The actual and holy Crown of St. Stephen without which no monarch has been King of Hungary for 900 years, now lies in a great vault atop the citadel of Buda.

☛ One of the few direct and absolute commands issued recently by British Emperor George V was cabled to Santa Barbara, Calif., into the harbor of which steamed, last week, H. M. S. *Durban*, carrying Prince George, youngest son of Their Majesties, in his technical capacity of a mere Naval Lieutenant.

The command, really a prohibition, forbade Prince George to fly from Santa Barbara to Hollywood. So Prince George motored to Hollywood and famed Douglas and Mary fed him there.

H. R. H. said: "Your California climate is certainly all that you advertise it to be."

"Oh yes, I like the Navy very much. They treat me just like the other officers, only I have a better cabin."

Hearst Feature Writer "Annie Laurie" tittered at fatuous length:

"Prince George—dear me . . . young and good looking, and heart whole and fancy free. Do you suppose there is a girl in California who will have a moment's peace while the prince is here . . . deep eyes and such a voice of mellow sweetness. . . ."

"Dear, dear—here he is right in our midst—a real, live prince. . . . [Whisper] —I'd really rather be a traffic cop myself, wouldn't you?"

"I wonder if the blue jellyfish . . . out at Point Lobes . . . have kings of their own, big jellyfish, bluer and more transparent than all the rest—and do they have royal weddings, do you suppose? Maybe. . . ."

After leaving Santa Barbara, Captain Coleridge of H. M. S. *Durban* radioed to the Associated Press as he steamed toward the Panama Canal and Bermuda: "I should be obliged if you would note that all press reports concerning his Royal Highness Prince George during the visit are without foundation and are unauthorized." Seemingly this blanket statement was intended to smother an A. P. story that H. R. H. had split his trousers in Santa Barbara, while performing the "varsity drag."

*The supreme achievement of "Annie Laurie" is a biography of Mrs. Phoebe Apperson Hearst (mother of W. R. H.), printed on parchment in California, illustrated with superb steel engravings, limited to 1,000 numbered copies, and now being bound at Leipzig, Germany, with gold edges all round, velvet linings, and hand tooled pigskin covers. Reputed cost, \$45,000.

FRANCE

Deauville Drolleries

Smart folk motoring down to Biarritz, at the close of Deauville's "fortnight," had two droll little incidents to tell about.

A young woman rose very pale from the baccarat table at Deauville Casino. She swayed and seemed about to faint, then her eyes fixed on a swarthy, paunchy Indian, His Highness the Aga Khan. As though impelled by hypnosis she took a step toward the Khan.

"I've just lost my last sou," she said a little huskily, "how does Your Highness always, always win?"

The Aga Khan is a descendant of the True Prophet, and a gallant gentleman. "Take this, Ma'm'selle," he said, handing her a huge oblong chip. "I make only one condition. You must never play baccarat again."

In a still more hypnotic state, Ma'm'selle moved dazedly to the cashier's window, cashed the chip for its stamped value of 100,000 francs (\$4,000), and tottered out under Deauville's big moon.

The other drollery, trivial, befell Actress Yvette Laurent when she strolled into a Deauville bar and sang out cheerily to a middle-aged man, "How about a little drink?"

(Yvette later explained, "Of course I would never have dreamed of doing such a thing in Paris!")

"Charming," said the middle-aged man, "Champagne?"

"What's your name?" brightened Yvette. "Dreyfuss."

Some 30 minutes later an equerry entered and addressed the middle-aged man as "Highness."

"Say Dreyfuss," gulped Mlle. Laurent, "who are you anyway?" but Dreyfuss offered an excuse, kissed her hand, was gone.

"Dreyfuss," as the Bar Man told Yvette, was His Royal Highness, Prince Aage of Denmark, cousin of King Christian X.

H. R. H. is chiefly celebrated for his immortal and exact definition of the taste of Montmartre *boite de nuit* (night club) champagne.

"It tastes," said Prince Aage, "like a dusty windowpane."

GREAT BRITAIN

"Eden Crisis"

"I propose the fig leaf as your emblem, gentlemen! Honor it as the origin of your great Merchant Tailors' Federation. When the Garden of Eden crisis occurred, Eve took the only available fig leaf, and Adam had to clothe himself in heavy skins.

"In our present day of grace, Eve has returned to her old principle of the scant fig leaf, but Adam still clothes himself heavily and laboriously. . . . I suggest more color in Adam's clothes. . . . May we live to see a scarlet morning coat worn with fig-leaf-green trousers and a canary waistcoat!"

To convivial Merchant Tailors, banqueting in London last week, it seemed that the above words were actually uttered by Guest-of-Honor Sir Nicholas

Foreign News—(Continued)

Gratten-Doyle, M. P., and Director of Northern Newspapers Co., Ltd. But friends of Sir William doubted. They knew that he knows his Bible. Therefore it seemed impossible that he could have so thoroughly scrambled the Genesis story of the fig leaves and the suits of skins.

Eve did not clothe herself in "the only available fig leaf." There were plenty. For (Genesis III, 7) "they [Adam and Eve] sewed fig leaves together and made themselves aprons."

Adam was apparently quite as satisfied with his scanty apron as Eve; but the Lord God was not. Therefore (Genesis III, 21) "unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins and clothed them."

Pious Merchant Tailors should honor no more fig leaf or apron of fig leaves, but rather the Lord God, as the true originator of their ancient profession.

Insulter Kipling

Poet Rudyard Kipling insulted Queen Victoria with a *Barrack Room Ballad*. It arrived, "the Widow at Windsor," rollicked that she sent her soldiers to "barbarous wars," bellowed that she had bought "alf 'o Creation" with English blood.

Of course hard-boiled men in barracks do rollick and bellow, especially at the Sovereign and the Empire they love. But Victoria, no Hard-Boiled Queen, missed the too-blunt point and was irrevocably insulted.

Therefore a news furore stirred, last week, when Queen Insulter Kipling went up to the royal Scottish estate at Balmoral, and there settled down as the house guest of George V.

An ignorant world press blared that at last King-Emperor George V had forgiven the poet who insulted a widow by calling her "widow!"

Actually the reconciliation took place some years ago. Poet Kipling's cousin, Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, presented him at a Royal Levee in 1925. By pure accident, George V was ill on the appointed day; and the Levee had to be held by Edward of Wales (officially representing His Majesty). The function was, in every social particular, the exact equivalent of a reception by the King-Emperor. Thus the story that Rudyard Kipling was not "forgiven" until last week is tosh.

Public libraries throughout the English speaking world were hard pressed to supply insult-snoopers with the poem. Excerpts:

'Ave you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor
With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?
She 'as ships on the foam—she 'as millions at
'ome,
An' she pays us poor beggars in red.
(Ow, poor beggars in red!)
There 's 'er nick on the cavalry 'orses,
There 's 'er mark on the medical stores—
An' 'er troopers you'll find with a fair wind be'ind
That takes us to various wars.
(Poor beggars!—barbarous wars!)
Then 'ere 's to the Widow at Windsor,
And 'ere 's to the stores an' the guns,
The men an' the 'orses what makes up the forces
O' Missis Victorier's sons!
(Poor beggars! Victorier's sons!)
Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,
For 'alf o' Creation she owns:



© Keystone

"MISSIS VICTORIER"

"It's safest to let 'er alone."

We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an'
the flame,
An' we've salted it down with our hones.
(Poor beggars!—It's blue with our tones!) . . .

We 'ave 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor,
It's safest to let 'er alone;
For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the land
Wherever the bugles are blown.
(Poor beggars!—an' don't we get blown!) . . .

ITALY

Judge Mussolini

L'Onorevole Mussolini returned last week to his birthplace, Predappio, donned a fore and aft cap a la Sherlock Holmes, confined himself to a vegetarian and lactic diet, and proceeded to till fields, raise callouses.

All this and more he did to speed the hours of a brief vacation and reinvigorate his health.

In the village Brusque Benito was greeted by enthusiastic natives who held in his honor a baby show, then a beauty show. Of both *bambinos* and *signorinas* *Il Duce* was judge.

Afterwards Predappio's "Our Benito" displayed knowledge of the Christian names of all the villagers, chaffed them in the market place, inquired about their children, cattle, women.

"Maddest Exaltation"

With brazen clatter a telegraph machine spat news of speed and Death, last week, into the dignified Roman sanctum of Editor Count Giuseppe Dalla Torre. The Count publishes *L'Osservatore Romano*, the sole daily newsorgan permitted to speak for the Vatican.

Speed! The wires spat that, near Milan, on the Grand Prix Course, famed Racing Driver Antonio Materassi is roaring to victory at 120 miles per hour. Death! The car swerves and plunges into the grandstand. Materassi is killed. So are

21 spectators. Cables flash to the U. S. that among the 26 injured was one Mrs. Dorothy Doherty, Bostonian.

When the wires grew quiet, Count Dalla Torre had leisure and opportunity to confer with Monsignors, Cardinals and even the Most Blessed Father respecting the Grand Prix whizz-smash. Two days later the patient, timeless Papacy made its Most High Opinion known through Count Dalla Torre. Printed he:

"Again human victims have been offered as a sacrifice to the greedy idol of a new religion, the religion of speed, which fascinates our youth to the extent often of replacing in their souls their ancient religion. . . ."

"After the racing automobile had cast in the dust the body of its unhappy driver and continued to massacre innocent victims the race was not stopped and the motors continued their song of speed. . . ."

"The new goddess is exalted with the maddest and most foolish hymns to become a symbol of national power. . . . Meanwhile, true virtues . . . are forgotten. . . ."

"Many are no longer content to arrive quickly, but find it necessary to arrive quickly. . . . This is the saddest profanation of human life. . . ."

Deep, no doubt, was the soul probing, last week, of Fascists, who are pious Roman Catholics. Daily, Signor Mussolini demands of the whole Italian Nation that it "arrive quickly" at his set goals. Yet last week the Papacy's official spokesman not only contradicted *Il Duce's* orders but clearly designated him by implication as "profane"—for Benito Mussolini travels about Italy chiefly and by preference at the wheel of his own low, rakish bellowing speed car.

GERMANY

Name in Cell

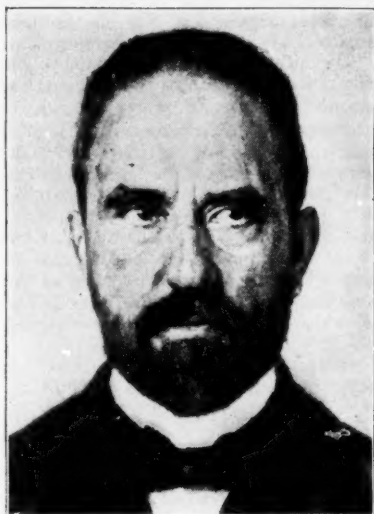
Great names are faces. To read "MUS-SOLINI" is to receive a potent visual impression. Last week Germans read "STINNES," and before them arose an unforgettable face (See Cut).

The scare heads said STINNES IN JAIL. That was only literally true. In a clean Berlin cell sat only Hugo Hermann Stinnes Jr.—not his late father STINNES, the titan who turned his coal and iron into fleets of ships, miles of factories, myriads of newspaper presses—all, all HIS (TIME, April 21, 1924). In those mighty days STINNES was the Despot of German industry and the Bogey Man of Europe. . . .

Last week Stinnes sat in a cell. He did not want to get out. Swindled people wanted to get in—to smash the runt!

Hugo Hermann Stinnes Jr. is charged with supplying sharpsters with funds whereby a bond swindle involving several million marks was attempted. Clumsy, they falsified twice as many bonds of a certain series as were ever issued. Some people can see through a racket as clever as that. In cell sat Stinnes. He had been obliged to resign as president of 17 Stinnes companies in which U. S. investors have a stake of \$25,000,000.

Foreign News—(Continued)



© Keystone

A GREAT FACE
Only the name is in jail.
(See p. 16)

BULGARIA

Cabinet Busting

Out again, in again, out again, in again: such was the nerve wracking experience of Prime Minister Andrei Liapchev, during the past fortnight (TIME, Sept. 17).

Last week his twice fallen Cabinet was re-formed, after Tsar Boris had called to his palace and rebuked quarreling, cabinet busting politicians.

To them His Majesty said in effect, according to reliable reports:

"You must support the Cabinet of M. Liapchev, *must!* It is necessary that financiers abroad shall not think that the Bulgarian Cabinet is always falling, or they will not lend us the money for which we can give good and safe security."

Keen, well informed observers of Bulgaria deemed that Tsar Boris, able, potent, had spoken the exact truth. Bulgarian security is good and the country sound, despite frequent cabinet upsets, which always seem to end in a resumption of power by Prime Minister Andrei Liapchev.

Tsar v. Cat

Tsar Boris of Bulgaria perhaps did not hear, at Sofia, last week, that his father, the abdicated Tsar Ferdinand, was seen in Vienna to chase a black cat with oaths out of his hotel bedroom. Other guests testified that Ferdinand, barefoot, clad in nightshirt, pursued cat down corridor.

Knowing observers were not surprised. Ferdinand is a royal mystic, supposed by superstitious Bulgarian peasants to possess occult powers. Presumably the Mystic Tsar had quarreled with his Black Cat, or someone's else cat.

Beloved Princess Eudoxia of Bulgaria, sister and chatelaine of Bachelor Tsar Boris, was last week, the house guest at Balmoral, Scotland, of Their Britannic Majesties. Queen Mary was reported to

have baited His Majesty's hook, last week, with a worm, in the presence of witnesses. "She can do it much better than I can," was a remark attributed to George V by a correspondent of the U. S. Luke Lea newspaper chain.

SWEDEN

King to King

The ominous, grey shape of the Spanish armored cruiser *Principe Alfonso* was silhouetted, last week, against the white buildings and brown or reddish towers of Stockholm, famed "Venice of the North."

As the *Principe Alfonso* steamed slowly in, King Gustaf V of Sweden watched from a balcony of his immense, square palace, commanding the lagoon. Came the slow thunder of a royal salute and its return. Then the King of All the Swedes and many a Lapp* descended to greet a tanned and sprightly Monarch, who soon landed from the *Principe Alfonso*. Naturally the royal visitor was His Most Catholic Majesty Alfonso XIII, King of Spain.

At the ensuing State Banquet a toast was proposed by His Most Protestant Majesty Gustaf V to "The first King of Spain ever to visit Sweden!"

In response, the Spaniard raised his glass first to Their Swedish Majesties and then to his own Queen Victoria Eugénie, who, explained he, was not present, solely because of ill health. Since Queen Victoria of Sweden is nearly always indisposed, the monarchs have that bond in common. They cemented cordial relations, later in the week, by indulging together in the "Royal Sport of Scandinavia," slaying moose.

Meanwhile in Spain there stirred the embers of revolution which always blaze up when His Majesty leaves the country. The latest previous outburst was during Alfonso XIII's visit to George V (TIME, July 23). Last week stern Dictator of Spain Primo de Rivera caused the arrest of 4,000 persons, many prominent, and the revolt guttered. Imperturbable, the Dictator prepared to attend maneuvers of the Spanish Grand Fleet, off the Mediterranean coast of Spain, a coast which is notoriously the hotbed of Spanish revolutionaries.

CHINA

Potent Hero

"One Brave Chinese.

"Chang Tsung-chang, off to the Chinese battlefield, waves good-bye to 20 wives and concubines, promising to come back victorious. Anemic Westerners can only admire Chang's courage and verve.

"Ladies whom he began marrying young, when he was a gang coolie, include Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Russians and Mongolians. Win or lose, that's a brave Chinese."

Thus exalted famed Hearst columnist-editor Arthur Brisbane, last week, when the notorious, cruel, rapacious General Chang Tsung-chang put his back to the Great Wall of China and prepared for a

last stand against the immensely superior armies of the new Chinese Nationalist Government, which now claims to dominate all China (TIME, Aug. 13).

Within 72 hours Last Stander Chang's army of 50,000 was put to absolute rout by Nationalist & Mohammedan General Pai Chung-hsi, who took 20,000 prisoners, and barely missed capturing Polygamist Chang as he fled to Manchuria. Rejoicing was general, for Chang Tsung-chang is brutal, a thief, a sadist who loves to lash his prisoners, an old-woman-beater and a young-woman-despoiler, a murderer, treacherous, outrageous, godless (TIME, March 7, 1927). But, as Columnist Brisbane remarked, Chang Tsung-chang has "verve"; and 20 wives and concubines have not rendered him "anemic." As such he looms a potent Hearst hero.

Generally speaking, the new Nationalist State continued to make good its boast of ruling all China, except Manchuria, last week. The Manchurian War Lord, Chang Hsueh-liang continued unable to join the Nationalists because of his unwilling, enforced alliance with Japan.

The U. S., which was first of the Great Powers to recognize Nationalist China *de facto* (TIME, Aug. 6) set Oct. 1, 1928 last week as the tentative date for ceremonies amounting to recognition *de jure*. On that day U. S. Rear Admiral Yates Stirling Jr. of the U. S. Yangtze River Patrol proposes to fire a salute, off Nanking, the Nationalist Capital, which will signify that the U. S. Consulate at Nanking has been reopened and normal Sino-U. S. relations resumed.

Last week a mixed commission was rapidly adjusting the total sum which Nationalist China must pay because her rash soldiery sacked the U. S. Consulate a year and a half ago (TIME, April 4, 1927); and there was every prospect that on Oct. 1, 1928 the salute of U. S. gunboats will be returned with alacrity by the so-called "Chinese navy."



POLYGAMOUS CHANG
Was routed, after 72 hours.

*The King of the rest of the Lapps is Norway's Haakon VII.

THEATRE

New Plays in Manhattan

White Lilacs. With appropriate adaptations of waltz and mazurka, the Shubert Brothers offered this glib and pleasant operetta based upon the life of famed Composer Frederic François Chopin. It stresses the episodes in which the composer was seen about with George Sand, meeting her at the home of the Countess d' Agoult and playing or grieving with her at Majorca.

The Operetta is the most romantic species of the art of the stage. Hence in *White Lilacs* there is not much effort to trace too accurately the mazy path of history. Nor is wit important to the operetta, and *White Lilacs* puts business before pun. Guy Robertson (as Chopin), De Wolf Hopper, Odette Myrtil supply these; the legitimate copies of the composer's original tunes especially help produce in *White Lilacs* an engaging show.

The High Road. Had Author Frederick Lonsdale chosen to write a true and biting comedy instead of an exceptionally witty tragedy he might have made *The High Road* an even more exciting reiteration of an old theme than he did. His story is that of an actress loved by an heir; like the tortoise in the fable, the actress is the winner.

That such would be the outcome could be surmised as soon as the older members of the heir's family straggled elegantly into a very British drawing-room, each one mouthing some prejudicial reason why no actress should be allowed to scuttle out of the stage door and under the portcullis. When the actress, name of Elsie Hilary, appeared suddenly and without warning in front of this kangaroo tribunal, she had only one defender beside her betrothed scion. This was the Duke of Warrington who, immediately sensing that the actress had every intention of breaking her engagement without encouragement from Lady Minster, Lady Trench, Lord Trench, Sir Reginald Whelby, Lord Crayle or the family butler, urged that she be invited to visit in the gloomy castle until boredom drove her away from it.

Of course, Elsie Hilary, instead of allowing all the lords and ladies to arouse her ennui or resentment, aroused in them a great liking for her. She stirred the Duke of Warrington to a feeling more ardent than approval; and since she loved the Duke, she ended the agreement with her first lord. But the Duke of Warrington had an old flame whose husband died at just this inopportune moment. Elsie Hilary therefore compelled him to go to her rival rather than come to her in dishonor. Having so neatly forced an opportunity to show how Elsie Hilary had been trapped by the absurd codes and customs of the class in which she had been unwanted, Author Lonsdale showed instead, and very prettily, that the actress was the finest gentleman of them all.

English wit on the Manhattan stage consists largely of crossing the slang out of comic strips and reading them in a British accent. But comic strips can be and are often funny; the best comedy in

The High Road is out of "Bringing Up Father." Lord Trench (Frederick Kerr) is Dinty Moore to his wife (Hilda Spang) who refers to him as "you horrible old man;" between the two there is an alternating current of abuse. Edna Best who



EDNA BEST

She avoids the bow knot.

plays Elsie Hilary is superior to Ina Claire in that she can deliver an epigram without tying her lips into a cupid's-bow knot; in some other respects she is her equal. *The High Road* is flawlessly cast and flawlessly acted.

Trapped. This melodrama is full of grisly clichés. Most of the excitement remains on the stage side of the proscenium.

Luckee Girl. Having borrowed their title from a well-known article of feminine apparel and the refrain of their best song ("Come On Let's Make Whoopee") from the works of a well-known drama critic (Walter Winchell, who, on the ground of an antique enmity, was denied entrance to the première), the Brothers Shubert were content to borrow the rest of their second musical production of the week from a thousand previous productions of the same kind. The lucky girl is a minidette who, after an innocent cohabitation with the hero in the environs of Montparnasse, almost loses him to a sweet and tough country girl whom his father wishes him to marry. This difficulty is soon adjusted, with the aid of a huge funny waiter, played by Billy House. Billy House moved about the stage like a grinning Guava jelly, singing "Whoopee" with suave insinuations. The girls in the chorus, though they danced well, looked, with one, or possibly two, exceptions, as if they had been chosen from the occupants of an East Side subway car before the rush hour. The Lief lyrics, though not Gilbertian, were cheerful; the music of Maurice Yvain was pleasantly plentiful.

Night Hostess. It was said of Philip Dunning, playwright of *Night Hostess*, that he was a losing principal in one of the numerous fiscal engagements which took place last winter during the speakeasy

season. Whether or not that is true, Play-smith Dunning knows rackets, racketeers; specifically, he knows Broadway and Broadwayfarers, most of whom are in one racket or another. Not one of their characters has he gone wide of in portrayal.

Playsmith Dunning has done the sleazy male racketeer with no abandoned strokes because for scornful presentation it is necessary only to be cameractical, phonographic. The rest of the characters look, smirk and jabber as if they belonged. The story is that of Buddy Miles, an apparently pure in body—if not in spirit—miss who is prize sucker-bait at "an exclusive gambling casino." First to be hooked is Chris Miller, part-owner of the gambling-purgatory. Buddy Miles is not aware that her best friend, Julia, estranged wife of a detective, was Miller's mistress, so when Julia jealously threatened to blab to Buddy and thereby spoil Miller's impending amour, Miller strangles his ex-mistress. Although the piece is called *Night Hostess* the principal role is that of Chris Miller, energetically, realistically done by Averell Harris.

In the role of Buddy Miles, Ruth Lyons is pleasantly, innocuously voluptuous. This is one of the better plays.

The Great Power. This dreadful piece contains all ordinary and extraordinary horrors of uninspired writing for the stage.

Best Plays in Manhattan

SERIOUS

STRANGE INTERLUDE—Nine acts, four lovers and a lady—manipulated by Eugene O'Neill and the Theatre Guild—in last season's most wordy and talked-of play (TIME, Feb. 13).

MACHINAL—Important episodes in the life of a murderess—proving that actions, louder than words, are sometimes equally inexpressive (TIME, Sept. 17).

FUNNY

THE ROYAL FAMILY—George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber smiling at the domestic antics of one of our theatrical first families (TIME, Jan. 9).

THE BACHELOR FATHER—June Walker and Geoffrey Kerr in a polite perusal of the return to the prodigal (TIME, March 12).

EXCITING

THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN—Now the vast stage of the Century Theatre is the courtroom in which a chorine tells her troubles (TIME, Oct. 3).

THE SILENT HOUSE—Chinamen, in the heart of London, doing things they shouldn't to a nice girl (TIME, Feb. 20).

THE FRONT PAGE—Pretty speeches from police-court reporters covering the jail-break of a half-witted murderer, combined with the efforts of one of the reporters to get married before the last edition goes to press (TIME, June 4, Aug. 27).

MUSICAL

In these the suspense, if any, is terrible: *Good News*, *A Connecticut Yankee*, *Show Boat*, *Rain or Shine*, *Blackbirds of 1928*, *George White's Scandals*, *Earl Carroll's Vanities*, *Good Boy*.

NEW METHODS IN MERCHANDISING

Chains and Mergers

Significant to all business interests in the country is the trend toward national merchandising companies. So rapidly are developments taking place in the field of national chain distribution, that retailers and manufacturers alike are hard put to it to know where they stand or where their business is heading.

Another trend of the times is the consolidation of large companies into still larger corporations. Scarcely a day passes that does not furnish the newspapers with the story of a new merger, actual or rumored.



"developments ... distribution ..."

Manufacturing, wholesaling, retailing, public utilities ... Business ... has nationalized itself in the last year as never before, under the stern pressure of economic necessity.

Big concerns operating nationally need national engineering and building service. The Austin Company anticipated this need and prepared for it years ago. Complete branch offices throughout the country are equipped to furnish a complete designing and construction service anywhere, for such national organizations.

Coast to Coast

For example, Austin is now building at St. Louis, a three-quarter million dollar warehouse and bakery for one of the largest grocery chains. A similar project for the same concern is under way at Detroit.

On the West Coast, Austin has recently completed two building projects for a big food products concern with headquarters in the East.

For a well known 5, 10 and 25 cent store chain, three large downtown stores have been built, one in Ohio and two in the Pacific Northwest.

Passing from the wholesale and retail fields to manufacturing, the service of Aus-

tin's national organization for engineering and building has demonstrated its value with equal force. General Electric, Standard Oil, General Motors, Westinghouse Electric, American Car & Foundry, U. S. Radiator, Worthington Pump, Henry Disston & Sons, Grinnell ... are just a few of the better known manufacturers who have used this national building service.

Advantage

Take, for example, a company with headquarters in New York desiring to build a branch plant or warehouse in Seattle or St. Louis. The executives of the company consult with the Austin office in New York, preliminary layouts are submitted, cost approved, contract signed for architectural design and for actual construction ... the work is begun immediately by the Austin organization in the local district, and completed within the time specified, under binding guarantees as to time, cost, and quality.

Each of these permanent offices from Coast to Coast is manned by a trained, experienced Staff, which enables Austin to furnish much valuable information on local conditions, sites, labor, and other essential data difficult to obtain accurately from a distance.

A Man and a Method

When Samuel Austin started in business as a builder more than 50 years ago, he could scarcely have dreamed of the 2000 and more great industrial plants that now stand as witnesses to his organization's growth and activity. The fundamental principle of value given for value received which he laid down as the cornerstone of the business has remained unshaken.

A new method of building—Austin Undivided Responsibility—was inaugurated by this company several years ago, the success of which is indicated by a steadily increasing volume of business, larger this year than

ever before. This Austin Method offers to the business executive a complete building service—architectural design, construction and equipment—by one responsible organization, which guarantees the entire project.



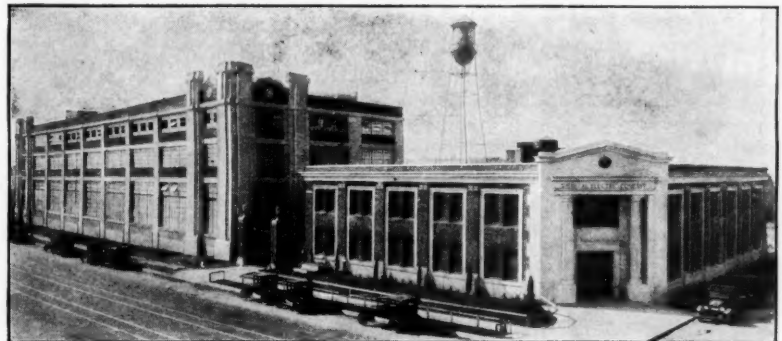
"... complete designing and construction service anywhere ..."

No longer is it necessary for a manufacturer or other executive interested in building, to engage an architect or engineer, a general contractor, and various sub-contractors. Austin has combined all these functions under one head, with a complete national organization which handles design, construction and equipment under one contract, and for a lump sum price guaranteed in advance.

The contract also guarantees in advance the completion of the project within a specified short time, and guarantees the quality of materials and workmanship.

Whether your project be large or small, simple or complex—a complete plant or a multi-story commercial building—you are assured of the same dependable speed and the same guarantees as to cost and quality, when Austin builds.

For approximate costs and other valuable information quickly, wire, phone the nearest Austin office, or send the Memo below



Branch plant in Los Angeles, designed and built by Austin, one of more than four score contracts with General Electric Company during past 20 years.

THE AUSTIN COMPANY • Engineers and Builders • Cleveland

New York Chicago Philadelphia
Detroit Pittsburgh Cincinnati St. Louis
Seattle Portland



The Austin Company of California:
Los Angeles and San Francisco
The Austin Company of Texas: Dallas

Memo to THE AUSTIN COMPANY, Cleveland We are interested in a

..... project containing sq. ft. Send me a personal copy of

"The Austin Book of Buildings." Individual

Firm City T 9-24-28



AUSTIN

Complete Building Service

A R T

Colleen

Painter Sir John Lavery (who uses green in his flesh colors) was commissioned by the Irish Free State Government to paint a colleen. The painting would be reproduced on banknotes. Therefore, the colleen must be "the ideal type of Irish girlhood."

Painter Sir John went to his wife whom he often uses as a model, told her she would have to sit again, painted her with a shawl over her head.

Last week the banknotes appeared. Smart newsmen recognized Sir John's model-wife. Irishmen studied their money. They learned that Lady Lavery is not in her girlhood, neither is she Irish. She was the widow of Mr. Edward Livingston Trudeau of New York when Sir John married her 18 years ago. And she is from Chicago, U. S. A. Irishmen became vexed.

Nor is this the only trouble that sideburned, spectacled Painter Sir John has had with portraits of his wife. Observers recalled that Lady Cunard offered a Lavery portrait of Lady Lavery to the Tate Gallery in 1923 (TIME, Aug. 13, 1923). The portrait was refused not because of the subject's age, not because she was not Irish. The committee simply did not like it.

What They Liked

Very placid is the river Housatonic as it winds through the Berkshire valleys. So even, so quiet is its flow that it is easily

able to mirror the gentle, green elevations of ground which the Berkshire dwellers call hills, and which enthusiastic tourists



LADY LAVERY*

Irishmen studied their money.

(See col. 1)

like to call mountains. As gentle as the hills, as placid as the river, the Berkshire villages rise to break the pleasant monot-

*Posing as a Raeburn girl.

ony of the landscape. Their generous houses, most white and clean, front on broad streets with here and there a stretch of New England common. Their lawns slope gracefully to the languid river. Such a village is Stockbridge.

Stockbridge colonists like to tell the story of their new playhouse, where last week was held the 20th annual Stockbridge Art Exhibit. Twenty years ago, when Edward L. Morse, son of Telegrapher Samuel F. B. Morse, began the tradition of Stockbridge art exhibits, it was natural that he stepped across the street from his own "White Lodge" to the Casino which stood opposite. Like all colonists, he was proud of the Casino.

Here, until last year, Stockbridge artists displayed their wares. Dean of the colony, of course, was Sculptor Daniel Chester French. Every colonist, every tourist, knew his *Minute Man* at Concord, N. H. It was in his Stockbridge studio that he modeled the great Lincoln of the Memorial at Washington. The design of the *Minute Man* was accepted in 1873. Last week, his daughter, Margaret French Cresson, viewed with pride his latest figure in bronze. It was called *Whence, Whither, Wherefore*. As chairman of the exhibition, Daughter could draw attention to Father's fine mastery of detail. But she allowed others to point out her own bronze portrait bust of Commander Richard E. Byrd.

Next to the family of French, the family of Johansen has added most distinction to the exhibitions in the old Casino. Painter John Christen Johansen came first to Stockbridge to visit his good friend Walter Leighton Clark. Enchanted, he remained to colonize, paint. Great and friendly is the rivalry between Painter Johansen and Painter Jean MacLane. Both rank with the foremost U. S. portrait painters, whose canvasses are held bargains at \$5,000.

Last week, Painter MacLane exhibited many a watercolor, and oil portraits of Mrs. D. Percy Morgan Jr., and of 14-year-old Samuel F. Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Finley Thomas of the Stockbridge colony. Sparkling, vivid with life, this portrait attracted particular comment. But some visitors preferred Painter Johansen's study of his 12-year-old son. Not all visitors knew that Painter Johansen and Painter MacLane are man and wife.

Last year, a crisis came in the affairs of the Stockbridge art colony. Spinster Mabel Choate bought the property on which the Casino stood, and proposed to erect a memorial to her famed father, Lawyer-Ambassador Joseph Hodges Choate. She offered the Casino to anyone who would cart it away.

Into the breach jumped Colonist Walter Leighton Clark. A comparative newcomer to Stockbridge, Colonist Clark had been a businessman. Not until he was over 50 did he begin to paint. Last week, his portrait of beautiful Louise Osborne, herself a musician and a Stockbridge colonist, was judged among the best. In 1923, his growing interest in art led him to found the Grand Central Art Galleries in the Manhattan railroad station. He wished to offer ambitious U. S. artists an opportunity to exhibit their work without sending it abroad.

Colonist Clark said he would move the Casino, transform it into the headquarters of the Three Arts Association. It should

Just a
matter of
food
sense.....

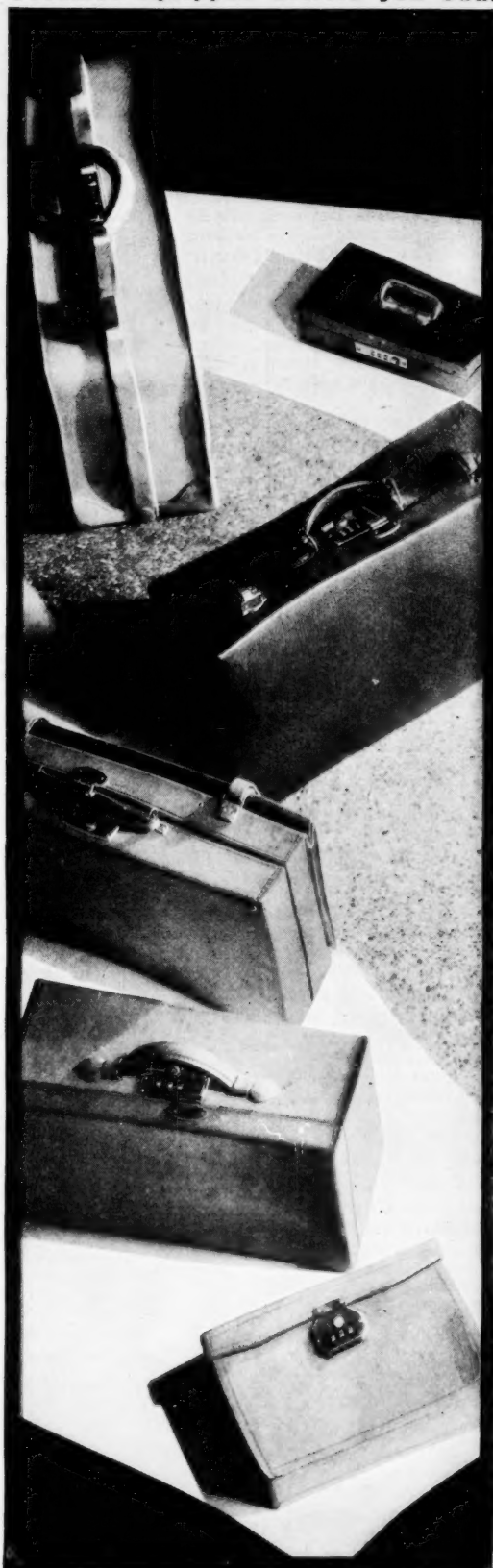


IT takes no unusual intelligence to know that a man is no better than his stomach, so it is simply obvious that a nourishing easily digestible food like Shredded Wheat belongs on your daily menu. With plenty of bran and vitamins, besides all of nature's other food elements in balanced form there is no doubt about Shredded Wheat's healthfulness. Try it tomorrow—with milk or cream and sugar.

Shredded
Wheat

MADE . AT . NIAGARA . FALLS

NO MORE BOTHERSOME KEYS
 One secret combination opens every
 Sesamee-equipped article you own.



MEN'S LUGGAGE of all types, developed in the newest shapes and leathers is conveniently equipped with the safe Sesamee lock. Priced from \$15 to \$200.

SECURITY BOXES may now be purchased with a really secure lock—the Sesamee lock which you set at your own secret combination. Retailing at about \$5, \$6 and \$7 each, in various colors.

LADIES' CASES in modern designs and smart leathers are equipped with the secure Sesamee keyless lock. Available at popular prices. From \$26 up to \$2,200.

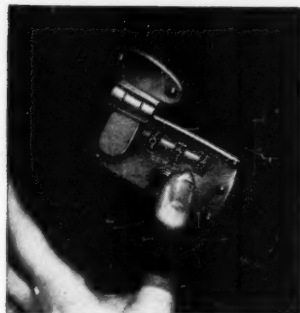
EFFICIENCY CASES. The most modern accessory for business men. In appearance similar to an English attaché case, when opened it reveals spacious pockets for private papers. Dust proof, and protected by the Sesamee lock. At \$30 to \$42.50.

HAT BOXES for men and women in up-to-date designs equipped with Sesamee Locks. An ensemble of matching pieces may be opened with the same combination. Also on the popular new Migrator.

CAMERA CASES. The Sesamee lock has been adopted by Bell & Howell for their Filmo motion picture camera cases. Lock may be purchased separately at camera retailers' to replace old-fashioned lock, \$3.

SESAMEE

**THE MODERN LOCK
 THAT NEEDS NO KEY**



The Sesamee Keyless Lock opens instantly when you flick the small wheels to your own secret combination.

CAREFREE people value the comfort of key-free travel. For such wise travelers each piece of this smart new luggage is equipped with Sesamee—the modern lock that needs no key. A Sesamee Lock opens—only to the owner—with a flick of a finger when you turn the three small wheels to your own secret combination which you select and set yourself—street address, telephone number—and (a hint worth taking) one combination can open every Sesamee-equipped article you own. Opened as easily in the dark.

Modern luggage equipped with Sesamee is sold at leading luggage, sporting goods, men's furnishing and department stores. Or we will gladly tell you where to purchase these or other Sesamee-equipped articles. Sesamee Keyless Locks have been adopted by leading manufacturers and are procurable on trunks, padlocks, office equipment, automobiles, etc. Mail the coupon below for complete list and full descriptions.

THE SESAMEE COMPANY • HARTFORD • CONN.

Please send me free portfolio describing the various Sesamee Locks in detail and the many new Sesamee-equipped articles.

Name _____

Address _____

THE SESAMEE COMPANY • HARTFORD • CONNECTICUT

scarlet purple sapphire

and the Restorative
Mineral Waters of
Europe..



NOW on maple and dogwood the first crisp frosts have worked their magic. Lake Seneca is a sweep of sapphire . . . Spend October at The Glen Springs! For here, in this matchless setting, day by day you can feel the years fall from you as you drink the radio-active mineral waters and bathe in the only natural Nauheim baths this side of the Atlantic . . . Really wonderful golf. Food you'll long remember, supplied by our own dairy and poultry farms. Specialists to plan, if you wish, diet, exercise, and sleep.

Ask your own physician about The Glen Springs. The baths and other treatments are especially suitable for heart, circulatory, kidney, nutritional and nervous disorders, rheumatism, gout and obesity. Booklets by addressing Wm. M. Leffingwell, President, Watkins Glen, New York.

GLEN SPRINGS



THE AMERICAN NAUHEIM

be dedicated to music, drama, art. He ran into difficulties. Nervous colonists, fearing for velvety grass, symmetrical trees, refused to allow him to move it bodily. Accordingly, he pulled it down and moved it stick by stick to its new setting farther down the street. It became the Berkshire Playhouse.

The Playhouse is very new, very magnificent for simple Stockbridge. Not even the familiar sculpture of Master Craftsman French and the portraits of the Johansens could altogether take away a sense of strangeness. Colonists, last week, saw Albert Sterner's dramatic *Lady Macbeth*, the fine portraits by the sisters Emmett: Lydia Field and Leslie. Sculptor Henry Augustus Lukeman, successor of John Gutzon de la Mothe Borglum in chiseling the heroic Stone Mountain relief, showed *Vanity*, a bronze figure of a woman with a mirror. These were the work of the native colonists.

But others were not so familiar. Colonist Clark had drawn on the resources of his Manhattan gallery. In the old Casino days, only the colonists took their masterpieces to the exhibitions. Last week, many an artist was represented whose connection with Stockbridge had been a fleeting visit to the Berkshires.

The twentieth Stockbridge Art Exhibition was more glittering, more splendid, than the first or the nineteenth. But some few colonists looked a little wistfully at their hills, their peaceful river. For 20 years, they had known what they liked. They were not quite certain that they liked change.

AERONAUTICS

(Continued from p. 13.)

answered with a little diatribe on the advantages of aviation. "The running expenses come to \$15 per week at maximum. . . . My wife and I haven't been in a train all year. . . . If you see an interesting tower or castle on the horizon, even if it is 20 or 30 miles away, you can go over and have a look at it. If you are flying over the seashore, you can fly low and watch people bathing. That is the kind of thing we propose doing. It doesn't matter if it takes us off our course. We will find it right away again."

You can't make a hero out of a gentleman who talks like that. The Vicomte de Sibour and the Vicomtesse climbed into their little plane and started off for some little town in the Pyrenees where they expected to stay a few days.

Also starting from England on a round the world aerial tour was George H. Storck of Jacksonville, Fla., and Seattle, Wash., in a 30 h. p. Avro-Avian seaplane.

Flights, Flyers

☛ Air travel drew a step closer to rail travel when Mr. & Mrs. D. J. Sullivan in St. Paul, Minn., bought a ticket for Rochester, Minn., climbed into a plane, enjoyed the scenery for an hour, inquired about landing time. "Rochester!" exclaimed the one addressed. "Why you're on the plane for Chicago."

☛ The ship-to-shore mail plane catapulted from the liner *Ile de France*, flown by

Naval Lieut. Louis Demougeot, forced down at sea, was rescued by the British trawler *Children's Friend*. Temporarily the ship-shore service has been discontinued.

☛ A marine pilot, Capt. Howard, flying over Nicaragua involuntarily came to earth near La Luz mine on the east coast. His pontoon dug into the earth, ploughed a furrow. Corporal George Cole left to guard the plane, while away the time by panning out \$100 worth of gold from a vein thus exposed.

Biggest

Nearing completion last week at Bristol, Pa., were four 20-passenger, all-metal monoplanes, to be the largest in the U. S., smaller only than a few German planes.

They are equipped with luxurious trappings, hot and cold running water, sleeping compartments, radio sets, spacious windows. The 90-foot wing spread will lift, beside fuel and passengers, 1,000 pounds of baggage. The three Wright Cyclone motors will propel this load at an average 130 m. p. h. for four and one-half hours, could if necessary attain 155 m. p. h., climb 16,100 feet. Edgar M. Gott, president of the Keystone Aircraft Corp., has for the last two months kept the construction of these monsters a secret.

At Mines Field

Two months ago, in a field, not far from Los Angeles, Calif., they were harvesting barley. Then came hordes of men bearing tons of wood, truck loads of nails, 9,000 barrels of oil, 2,000,000 gallons of water. The wood and nails they made into a grandstand (capacity 17,000) into an exposition building, ultra modern, larger than a city block. The oil and water they sprinkled on the field so that whirling hundreds of propellers would not raise a dust.

Last week the National Air carnival at Mines field reached its climax. A Navy aviator climbed 10,000 feet in four-and-a-half minutes. An Army flier, Lieut. J. J. Williams was killed in formation stunt flying. Col. Charles Augustus Lindbergh took his place, continued Immelman turns, loops, barrel rolls. But a Navy trio gave a superior exhibition of stunts.

In the exposition hall were 300 brightly colored booths, housing nearly every design of plane or accessory on the market. A professor demonstrated a fool-proof self-landing, self-balancing plane, dubbed "the flying pickle."

There were many races, the most important of which was the non-stop transcontinental derby. Col. Arthur Goebel in a Wasp-motored Lockheed-Vega *Yankee Doodle* was the first to arrive. But he won no prize because he had stopped once to refuel. Even so his time from New York to Los Angeles was a record; 23 hours, 50 minutes. The other entrants in the race had been forced down. Col. William Thaw seriously injured, had said before starting on the race: "I'm fat, I'll bounce."

The carnival was attended by 400,000 (75,000 on the last day). Five million dollars worth of airplanes were sold. A statue of Col. Lindbergh was always a centre for a crowd.

The Combustioneer

Of course

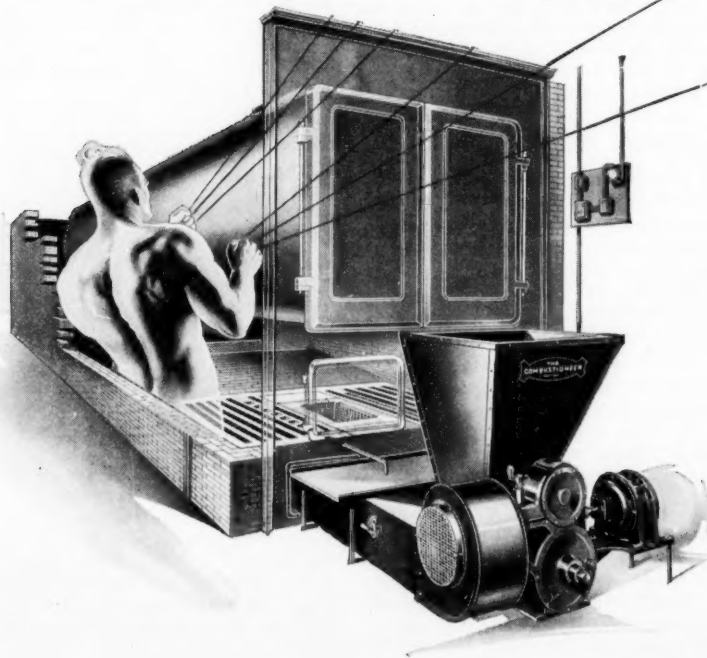
YOU are considering
Automatic Fuel Burning
THIS Year!

CLOSE margins of profits necessitate this immediate economy in operating expenses. Overhead reduction obtained, again contributes to the profit side of your ledger! It's just good business from every standpoint to investigate automatic fuel burning! To eliminate smoke, by automatic firing, is to render a real service to your neighbors and to your community with a saving to you.

COMBUSTIONEER, the perfected automatic coal feeding and coal burning device, is serving boilers rated up to 200 H. P., in every line of business—factories, apartments, laundries, dairies, greenhouses, hotels, stores, offices and public buildings. Burns safely, screenings, the least expensive coal you can buy, more efficiently than expensive coal *hand-fired*. COMBUSTIONEER has all the advantages of the oil burner, at less than one-half the operation cost. *Can be installed over night!*

*Write immediately to the Engineering Division,
Dept. 4, for complete information*

COMBUSTIONEER, INC
1829-39 So. 55th Avenue :: Chicago, Illinois



REDUCES
FUEL COSTS

AUTOMATICALLY
CONTROLS
STEAM PRESSURE

PAYS
FOR ITSELF

ELIMINATES
SMOKE

SAVES
LABOR

MAINTAINS
EVEN
TEMPERATURE

Proof!

"COMBUSTIONEER, a coal feeding and coal burning device, burning for us Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky Screenings, has exceeded our fondest hopes anyway you look at it, and we will be pleased to have you refer to us any prospects you have."—Louis Wittbold, President, George Wittbold Co., Chicago—Nationally-known Florists

S P O R T



Residence and Cultural Art Center for Women

Art Gallery and Print Room, Library,
Pipe Organ, Squash Courts, Handball
and Basketball Courts, Gymnasium,
Steam and Hot Room, Swimming Pool,
Solarium, Roof Garden, Soundproof
Studios, Lecture Rooms, Recital Room.

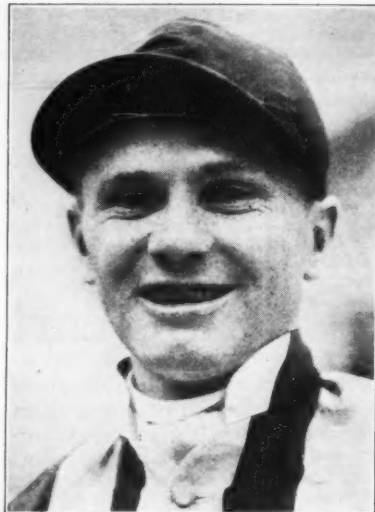
Applications subject to approval are
invited for September and October

*The
Barbizon*

140 EAST 63rd STREET
WILLIAM H. SILK, President

End of Sande

Four years ago, Jockey Earl Sande fell at Saratoga and broke his leg in three places. That would finish him, people thought; but Sande nine months later, on



JOCKEY SANDE

© U. & U.

... rode 941 winners.

his first mount since the smash-up, rode Sarazen to a course record.

Last year he was barred by the Maryland Racing Commission from Maryland tracks, for fouling a favorite.

Last week, Earl Sande retired from active racing on the day that the Futurity, the only great race he never won, was run. Sande rode, according to the records, 941 winners and about 4,000 mounts in the course of his ten-year racing career. He married the niece of Sam Hildreth, trainer for Rancocas Stable; he has saved his money instead of buying parties; he hates "making the weight." A rough and clever rider, he announced his intention of owning, training, and no longer riding horses, and last week was lauded in these terms by Joseph E. Widener, his present employer:

"I wish to congratulate you on your honorable career. You have never done anything that brought dishonor to a grand and noble sport. I wish you every success in your new vocation."

Said Sande, speaking of a favorite horse, "He was an honest fellow. . . ."

Jiu Jitsu

In Sao Paulo, Brazil, last week, a one-ring circus was held. At the end of circus, as a final and most brilliant attraction, a wrestling match was arranged between a gigantic nameless Bahian Negro and a small, engaging Jap, name unknown. After a few minutes wrestling, the black Bahian had the Jap on his back; but the Jap rolled over, snickering, and at the end of the wrestling he was sitting like a prime minister upon the dark and heaving stomach of his adversary.

The fight was important, not because

the contestants were famous, but because they used different and interesting styles of wrestling. The Bahian lout fought after the manner of Brazilian capoeira. This is the national style of fighting; it includes blows as well as grips and it was perfected, as might be imagined, by a huge band of Hoodlums who once terrorized Rio de Janeiro. Even kicks in the head are allowed and the Bahian Negro attempted these, without avail, against his little foe-man.

The Jap, too, used a style of combat peculiar to his nation; Jiu Jitsu, the gentle and famous art of making an opponent use his strength to encompass his own defeat. For 3,000 years the Japanese have used this graceful and economical method of self defense. Jiu Jitsu must not be compared or confused with another often pictured species of Japanese wrestling, somewhat like capoeira, in which two 400-lb. bullies stand face to face and each endeavors mainly by pulling at the sparse clothing of his adversary to topple him over. Jiu Jitsu requires enormous training; Jap boys rise early to practice it before taking cold baths. Occidentals, while they will never be as good as lithe little yellow wrestlers, may become proficient by virtue of talent and application. President Roosevelt loved Jiu Jitsu and recommended that it be taught in West Point and Annapolis.

Racketeers

For several years there was very little doubt about who would win the National Singles Championship at Forest Hills, L. I. Tilden would swing lazily through the first rounds; in the third and fourth rounds it became easier to see that he would win the last. In late afternoon matches his huge shadow would creep and flicker toward the club-house. By the time his opponent's shadow was in the middle of the press marquee, Tilden's shadow had gone upstairs. It was a terrifying shadow, with steps like dark lightning, enough to frighten any opponent.

This year, Tilden, suspended from amateur play for writing signed articles, attended the matches in a grey suit after he had left the vaudeville theatre where he was doing a turn. Henri Cochet was picked to win and would have been even if Tilden had been playing. Nevertheless, the tournament was a series of upsets.

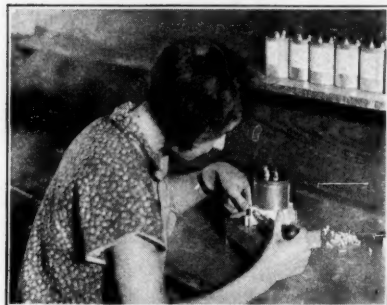
In the first round Dr. George A. King took three straight sets from John Hennessey who has been regarded as the best of the U. S. amateurs, in this melancholy season.

The next round proceeded without untoward victories and defeats. Cochet, wagging his head from time to time as if he were baffled by the problem of what to have for dinner, put little Junior Coen out of the running.

Four of the eight matches in the third round were upsets. Hunter beat "Bounding Basque" Borotra, 6-0, 5-7, 6-0, 6-4, 6-2. Australian Jack Crawford eliminated John Van Ryn, Princeton star. Brugnon beat Dr. King who had slumped after his match with Hennessey. Disconcerted,

CROSLLEY

RADIO FOR THE MILLIONS



LOWER HER SEAT 3 INCHES
—increase her production

50% of the people who buy radio this year will discard two, three and more year old sets smart dealers prophesy. And they are not investing large sums in their new sets.

These shrewd observations by dealers is substantiated in the Crosley factory.

Officials recently stated that business was nearly four times as great as last year. With wild cat radio years long past this reflects trend sensed by live retailers.

Demand today for Crosley radio has brought about such ingenious methods of manufacture that visitors at the factory are vividly impressed that the



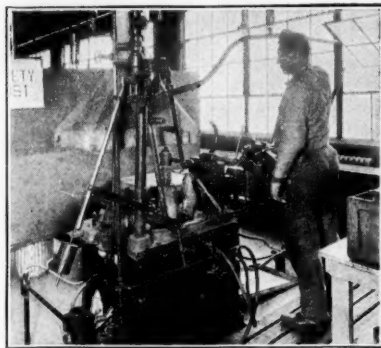
NEARLY A MILE OF TRAVELLER
—does all the fetching

price of Crosley radio exists because of skillful production methods rather than a "lick and promise" throwing together of cheap materials.

Interested spectators inspect heavy machines casting thin plates so delicate that their manufacture *must* be in close proximity to their assembly in radio sets.

Yet floors below an automatic painting machine sprays color over 12,000 pieces of radio per day.

An almost human wire cutting device saves the labor of 15 men and their corresponding expense on each set made.



ALIGNS METAL BLADES
WAFER THIN
—to the 1,000th of an inch

Nearly a mile of trolleying hooks carry materials, parts and assembled sets about the factory, saving more men per from pushing trucks than comprised the entire Crosley factory forces but a few years back. Such quick distribution of material saves a few cents on each radio.

Every day sees a second clipped off this or that operation. Time study experts constantly reduce labor cost which is reflected in the low prices of \$65 and \$80 for radio that out-performs most others at much greater prices. Girls are studied at their work so that operations may be made easier and faster.

Mass production is a product of our present fast moving age and is nowhere better developed than at the Crosley factory.



MAKING BUT ONE PART OF HUNDREDS NEEDED
—100 girls at one task

Methods of manufacture in use but a few years ago would necessitate prices probably double today's low level.



A. C. GEMBOX
—power speaker receiver, \$65

You are urged to call at any Crosley dealer's store and examine the fine construction of Crosley radio and to see for yourself this amazing product of straight line production on a gigantic scale.



DYNACONE
A power speaker, rich, full-toned reproduction of startling realism, dynamic, an amazing achievement at so low a price. \$25.

THE CROSLLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres., Cincinnati, O.

Prices of Crosley Radio sets do not include tubes. Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico and West, prices slightly higher.

THE CROSLLEY RADIO CORPORATION,
Dept. 38, Cincinnati, O.

I'm a TIME reader and willing to be shown. I'll stake my time against any dealer who'll bring a set out to my house and let me judge whether or not I should pay twice, three or five times Crosley price for my radio.

Name

Address



The
DUNLOP

o r o

played by
more golfers
than any other
make of fine
golf ball



\$ 1

THE
IMPORTED BLACK
DUNLOP

Cochet captured three out of four listless sets from menacing Mercur.

In the quarter finals, Frank Shields, the U. S. Junior Champion who lives in Brooklyn and has a serious face, beat famed Jacques Brugnon, the veteran of the French contingent, 7-5, 6-1, 6-0. Abruptly people realized that Shields had not yet, in his six tournament matches, lost a single set. Would he beat Cochet in the semi-finals? Basing their predictions upon the failure of previous predictions, the experts admitted that he might. Shields didn't. In the finals, Hunter met Cochet.

Hunter came out first; Cochet seemed to be nervous as they stood in front of the cup for the camera men. Hunter went through the first set, Cochet took the second, Hunter the third. After the five-minute rest, Cochet came out in a knitted shirt, his eyes looking huge and tired in his little pale face. He spurted five games; Hunter caught him; Cochet took the set and then, speeding up his game to somewhere near its peak, the last one. The scores: 4-6, 6-4, 3-6, 7-5, 6-3.

Records

In Durham, N. H., one Helen Bernaby, a college student, hurled a rolling pin 90 ft., 8 in., which is further than such a thing is known to have been hurled before.

Five agents of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals pulled out of the Hudson River near Poughkeepsie, a bedraggled police dog, whose master, one John Schweighart, had put him into the river at Albany; that he might swim to Manhattan in a shorter time than the human mother who last accomplished this tiresome feat.

At the Beaconsfield Club in Montreal last week Virginia Wilson of Chicago, defeated Peggy Wattles of Buffalo, 5 up and 4 to play for the Canadian women's golf championship. Dora Virtue, of Montreal, was triumphant over Edith Quier, of Reading, Pa., in the second round. The Quier-Virtue score was 2 up, 1 to play.

At Belmont Park six races were run for which money prizes aggregated some \$200,000. One of the five was the Futurity for two-year-olds, in which High Strung set a course record of 1:19 for six and three-quarters furlongs and won \$97,990.

Tom Hartley, 40, poverty-stricken loom sweeper, won a \$100,000 newspaper prize offered by Publisher Lord Rothermere, guessing the scores of 24 football matches played last week in London.

Leading the fifth race at Belmont Park, Darkness, the favorite, cheered by all her backers, jumped over the railing and ran, riderless, three times around the infield.

First Kicks

As the days and nights grow cooler in September, the gridiron absorbs the warmth of the waning sun. Rumors begin to sizzle, fat to drip off portly full-backs capering with pigskins.

The last teams to begin practice are those representing Yale, Harvard and



© P. & A

GOLFERS VOIGT AND PERKINS

One had a medal, one an umbrella.

Princeton. Even these had begun to grunt and exercise last week. While speculation as to which would be most imposing later in the season is properly confined to bar-rooms in college clubs and the writings of Grantland Rice, alert prognosticators fixed their attention upon the coaches. Of these, the most interesting is Marvin Allen ("Mal") Stevens who has replaced famed "Tad" Jones of Yale. Brown, lithe and shy, "Mal" Stevens played for Yale in 1923 on famed "Memphis Bill" Mallory's undefeated team; before that he had played for Washburn college, in Kansas. In his senior year at Yale he was ineligible; later, he was wont to divide his time between medical school and backfield coaching. Last year he was Jones's assistant; this year he is the youngest of the important coaches and, since in football the cart goes before the horse, not the least likely to draw his team to November triumphs.

As usual, there is a pother about the new rules and an argument as to how they shall be interpreted.

These are, in the last analysis, of small consequences and too intricate to explain without generally unintelligible technicalities. A far more important consideration is the continued and preposterous refusal of Athletic Associations at Yale, Harvard, Princeton and certain other colleges to provide proper facilities for unfortunate newspaper reporters who are compelled to sit on top of the windy stadiums, fumbling telegraph instruments with frozen thumbs.

Amateur Clubmen

The Brae Burn course, where the National Amateur Golf Championship was decided last week, lies in the shape of a green diminutive South America among the neat suburban back yards of West Newton, Mass. It is a hard course, harder than it was nine years ago for the National Open. In the qualifying rounds, no one broke 70 and 157 was good enough to get into the play-offs. George Voigt, playing in a green sweater and bright green stock-

ings, slouched around the course last week with a cheerful, sarcastic expression and won the medal with 143.

In the first day of match-play, five former champions—Von Elm, Marston, Sweetser, Ouimet, and Chick Evans—were put out of the tournament. Voigt, after beating Sweetser, played through the quarter finals to meet Phil Perkins, the British Walker Cup Captain, in the semi-finals. Bobby Jones, playing better every day, after going to an extra-hole to eliminate Gorton, the home-club entrant, beat John Beck 14 and 13.

The day of the semi-finals Jones finished his morning round 9 up; after lunch, while Voigt and Perkins started out, he stood on the practice tee driving ball after ball through exactly the same trajectory far down the fairway to where two caddies waited to pick them up. After every perfect drive, Jones' face grew darker. Then he went out on the course and played six more holes with Phil Finlay, a shaky, hard-hitting Harvard boy; by this time he had won his match, 13 up and 12 to play.

Voigt and Perkins were fighting it out a little harder. The gallery was rooting for the quiet lanky Lancashireman, who never spoke except to his caddie whom he called "laddie." They saw Voigt go one down in the morning round; in the afternoon, Voigt lost the sixth hole when his ball landed in a brook at the foot of the green. He kept on losing holes after that and the match was over on the 14th after they both played in from the rough around the green to halve the hole. Perkins, for the first time since he had started his afternoon round, threw away his cigaret without lighting another. They walked back to the club house in a drizzle; Perkins carried an umbrella with a bamboo handle while his caddy walked in the rain, eating an apple.

The first hole at Brae Burn is 337 yards with a brook at the depth of the fairway, just below the green. Smart golfers use an iron from the tee for a long pitch to the green rather than take a chance on driving into the brook. When Jones and Perkins went out to play their match, Perkins took an iron out, Jones took a wooden club—and a six for the hole to Perkins' four. Perkins was one up until the fourth; then Jones evened the match. At the end of the morning round, Jones was 6 up; at the end of the match, on the ninth green that afternoon, he was 10 up. Perkins threw away his cigaret again and walked over to shake hands, saying in his high, polite voice, "Well played, Mr. Jones." Bobby Jones, winning his fourth national amateur tournament in five years, smiled for a moment and then he looked strained and tired as he had looked hitting practice drives before the second round in his semi-final.

If Jones on the final green at Brae Burn was thinking of future tournaments in which he must try to achieve the perfection which he can never much more nearly approximate than he does now, he might have envisaged himself as a chubby and more cheerful old fellow, winning the U. S. Senior Golf Championship. One such, Charles H. Walker, 61, last week won this tournament at Rye, N. Y., with a score of 158 for 36 holes.



New Faces for Old *while you wait!*

all the effect of a wonderfully refreshing barber's massage in 10 seconds—and you do it yourself.



DON'T go around with a tired, haggard look on your face, as tho you were up all night or just staggered thru one of those harrowing off days at the office. No matter how tired your face looks—here's a simple, easy way to pep right up, feel bright, alert, gloriously alive—and look it. The thing to do is this. After your shave just pat on a few drops of Fougere Royale After Shaving Lotion. Takes 10 seconds to do—and the effect is marvelous. Makes you actually feel like a new person. Some men keep a bottle in the office to freshen up—kill fatigue. First you get a zippy, tingling sensation that wakes up the pores like an expert

barber's massage—that stimulates circulation—brings up good red color to the surface skin that washes away fatigue poisons. Supporting muscle tissue is toned up. Pouchy fat tightens. Your face gets that keen, youthful, athletic look. Styptic, too—heals cuts, etc.

If you want to make shaving a real luxury—a ritual of morning joy—shave with the new Fougere Royale Shaving Cream. Here's one that not only offers a perfect cutting lather but can't possibly irritate the tenderest skin. Because it's scientifically balanced—non-caustic.

Try these two. They're wonderful. Both are mildly perfumed with Fougere Royale (Royal Fern), a wholesome outdoor man's fragrance. At druggists everywhere, or generous samples for the coupon below.

Fougere Royale
Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal
After-Shaving Lotion

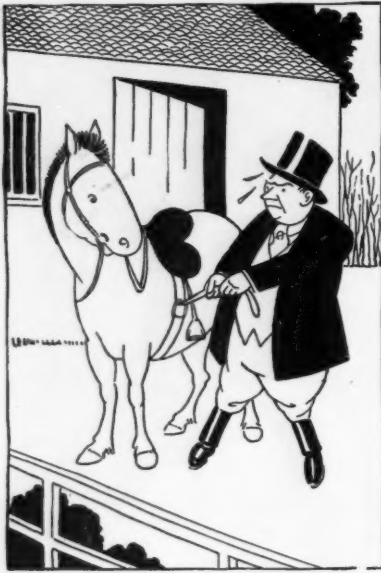
After-Shaving Lotion, 75c
Shaving Cream, 50c
Eau Vegetale, \$1.25
Facial Soap, 50c
Shaving Stick, 75c
Talcum, 50c

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. T, 11
539 West 45th Street, New York City

You may send me without charge trial containers of Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

SCIENCE

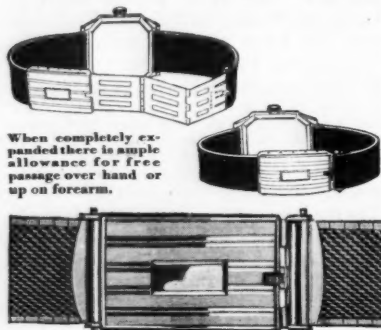


Do You Still Saddle-Strap YOUR WRIST WATCH?

HOOKING up the old mare for a jounce down the bride path has nothing on getting into prong-buckle watch straps. Tugging—tightening—slipping—all go with the operation. No comparison at all with this new way of carrying your wrist watch—the Kremenz Wrist Watch Band. No buckle—that's out. Instead, a dapper casing wherein fold three expanding links. Opened, the entire strap forms a loop that slips on or off—over the hand—watch, strap and all! It's easier—handier—much safer for the watch.

Your dealer has them in gold plated casings with leather or flexible Milanese Mesh bands, from \$7.50 to \$15. Also with solid 14 kt. and 18 kt. gold and solid platinum casings. Write for name of nearest jeweler.

KREMENTZ & CO., Newark, N. J.



When completely expanded there is ample allowance for free passage over hand or up on forearm.

Kremenz

WRIST WATCH BAND

At Swampscott

The American Chemical Society met, last week, at Swampscott, Mass., for their 76th convention. Members discussed:

Chemistry's Value. Samuel Wilson Parr, 71, preceptor of the group of brilliant chemists and physicists at the University of Illinois, and president of the chemistry society, opened the meeting with the survey usual at such affairs: "Output of chemical products in this country have advanced in 50 years from an insignificant sum to more than \$2,000,000,000 annually at present. . . . This is a chemical age, and we live, move and have our physical being as a result of chemical processes. Whether we travel on foot in chrome-tanned shoes and rayon stockings or roll to work on rubber wheels and concrete roads, we travel in comfort by chemical grace and good-will. If we land in the hospital, the chemist has anticipated our coming. He is there before us with anti-septics, anesthetics and remedial agents for the relief of suffering and the restoration of health."

Pea Pods. Asses, even the mock-ass Bottom of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, enjoy eating peas, pods and all. Other live stock also find them delectable. Humans like the green seeds, but not the pods. Yet the pods contain valuable sugar and proteins. How to make them humanly palatable is a job which the U. S. Department of Agriculture's bureau of chemistry has set for itself.

Pituitary Hormones. Pituitrin, extract of the hazelnut-like gland at the underside of the brain, does three things to a body: 1) it causes powerful contractions of the pregnant uterus at term (its oxytocic effect); 2) it makes blood pressure (its pressor effect); 3) it increases urinary flow where urine is scanty and decreases it where the flow is inordinately great, as in diabetes insipidus (its diuretic-anti-diuretic effect). So there must be more than one hormone in the pituitary gland, decided Dr. Oliver Kamm, director of Parke, Davis & Co.'s research laboratories. By tedious fractional precipitation of pituitrin he has been able to separate two hormones—*oxytocin* useful in obstetrics, *vasopressin* useful in keeping up normal blood pressure during certain operations, useful too against diabetes insipidus. Dr. Kamm reasons that the danger from burns comes from the boiling of water out of the skin and flesh, and the failure of the body to replace that water effectively. His *vasopressin* he believes may stimulate the body to repair the water shortage of burns.

Tuberculosis. Some tentative research done on tuberculosis bacteria at Yale may have deep importance towards wiping out the disease. The chemists there have made a fatty acid from living tubercle bacilli. The acid is new to science. When it is injected into rabbits it produces in their bodies the nodules peculiar as symptoms of tuberculosis, but of no other disease. Said R. J. Anderson of Yale: "This discovery, that a non-living substance may be the cause of tubercular growth, opens up an entirely new mode of approach in the search for an immunizing agent. In

the past there has been no way of proving whether the growth of the tubercle in tubercular organisms was the result of direct action of the living bacillus."

Nitrogen. Every square mile of air over the earth's surface carries 20,000,000 tons of nitrogen. Each 20,000,000 tons, if reduced by man to nitrates, would supply the world for 12 years at the present rate of nitrogen consumption. Twenty years ago mankind took only 1% of its needed nitrogen from the air; the rest came chiefly from mineral nitrates. Last year 57% of the world's supply came from the air. This situation makes chemists aver that nitrogen has taken the most important place in the affairs of the world and is by far the most active in the world's markets.

Engine Pinking. No one yet knows what causes the pink-pink knock in gasoline motors. Increased compression improves efficiency and speed; it also causes a knock. So there is a deadlock in the design of light, high-speed engines for automobiles and airplanes. Anti-knock gasoline adulterants, like tetra-ethyl lead, help reduce the pinking, but why no one knows. Scientists are trying to learn why through a study of flame action, a subject little attended to in the past.

Textiles. Significant was the recommendation made by Chairman Harrison Estell Howe of the National Research Council that "the New England textile manufacturers should get a committee of industrial chemists to study the fundamentals and tell them what science can do for the industry." The manufacturers have been wailing over the decline of their business, have applied themselves to remedying conditions chiefly through pools, merchandising and economic waxes.

U. S. Steel Corp., chemists were amazed to learn, has the vast number of 2,115 technical men working on steel problems and tests in 179 laboratories. At Lorain, Ohio, the corporation is turning a large steel mill into an experimental laboratory.

A Clam Bake with plenty of comments, drink and talk, held at Gloucester, near Swampscott, was the jolly end of the meeting.

Television

In a General Electric laboratory at Schenectady last fortnight people peered at the small 3" x 3" screen of Dr. Ernst Frederik Werner Alexanderson's television receiving set. They were waiting for the performance of the first playlet broadcast by television. It was J. Hartley Manners' *The Queen's Messenger*. There being only two parts, there were only two actors:

The screen glowed pinkishly; a loud speaker in the same room susurrated. A human head appeared on the screen, tiny and wraith-like; its lips moved; simultaneously the loud speaker squawked words. Another head appeared; more words. Hands replaced heads, gestured, poured a liquid, shot a gun, wound a watch; the speaker gurgled, crashed, crackled.

The whole performance was gawky. Yet it pleased Dr. Alexanderson and his guests, for it was another demonstration

that television would some day become practical.*

General Electric and Westinghouse, who are working hard to hasten the commercialization of television, have a great fear—that the public may gull itself about this new entertainment. Last week Westinghouse's Vice President H. P. Davis warned: "Television, in so far as present accomplishments warrant, has been 'overplayed.' . . . Unfortunately, this has created the opportunity to foist on the public, much as in the early days of radio, a widespread sale of unsuitable apparatus, which those who purchase naturally expect will permit them to view television broadcasts, but which will only lead to disappointment and dissatisfaction. . . . The gawkish period in the development of television should be passed in the laboratories."

General Electric's Manager of Broadcasting Martin P. Rice was somewhat less admonitory: "The experimenter should guard well against ignorant or unscrupulous dealers. . . . With many hundreds dabbling in the new art, there is reason to expect that the record of television will parallel that of radio broadcasting."

Already television producers have discovered that a certain type of person appears best before their machines. Specifications:

- Red hair, long and preferably wavy;
- Large, limpid eyes of a light color, preferably blue;
- Perfect teeth;
- Cameo features of distinctiveness, so that in profile and in full view each will stand out clear-cut and on its own merits;
- A voice suitable for radio broadcasting.

Blue Monkeys, Yellow Rats

In Germany, whose scientists have the world's reputation for thoroughness, the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Breeding Science last week put on an exhibition. Present were blue monkeys, yellow rats, kinky-haired rabbits, 40,000 varieties of dandelions. Selective cross breeding had caused the weird results. Apparently species of animals and plants can be changed at man's will or nature's chance.

X-rayed Eggs

From an obscure corner of practical scientific experiment, one Paul R. Hadley, chicken rancher of Fanwood, N. J., last week published the amazing report of his X-raying chicken eggs.

By submitting eggs from any breed of chicken to the X-rays generated by 10,000 to 40,000 volts of electricity he produces pullets in every case.† They are immune to fowl diseases; they grow 40% faster than poults from untreated eggs.

A formal scientific explanation of the X-rays' effects on eggs is now being prepared by Professor W. R. Graham of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont.

*A description of the Alexanderson—G. E. device appeared in TIME, Jan. 23. A description of another device, the Conrad—Westinghouse, appeared in TIME, Aug. 20.

†Usually more roosters than hens are hatched. Chicken Man Hadley estimated that of 2,000,000 chickens raised on the yearly average in the U. S., 1,500,000,000 are males.

"Fifteen Minutes a Day is indeed a valuable adjunct to The Harvard Classics and I constantly consult it with profit and delight. Here is a college education within the reach of everyone—knowledge stripped of its dull components and presented with attractive succinctness. The Reading Guide may be opened at random, a subject heading selected by chance, and an enchanting quarter of an hour is the reader's who will add to his education and pleasure."
—H. C. WITWER.



"No time for Yale took college home"

Says H. C. Witwer

H. C. Witwer, the popular short story writer, has confessed that he acquired a college education without going to any college. In response to a query concerning the classical literary flavor of the opening paragraphs and titles of his stories in Collier's and in Cosmopolitan Magazine, Witwer produced a letter he had just written to a friend in New York.

"I most assuredly have a Five-Foot Shelf," he wrote, "and if you don't think I use it constantly for inspiration, reference and mental calisthenics, you should see the well-thumbed pages.

"I have never had time to be an inmate of dear old Yale," he added, "but a constant inmate of my home has been—

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS



[Harvard Classics]

Every ambitious young man and woman ought to know something about this famous and useful collection of the world's greatest books—books that will be as useful to you if you are a lawyer, salesman, minister, executive, engineer or banker as they have been to H. C. Witwer and so many other writers.

Let us send you a free book called "Fifteen Minutes a Day," which tells how Dr. Eliot of Harvard has put into the Five-Foot Shelf "the essentials of a liberal education," and how he has so arranged it with notes and reading courses that even fifteen minutes a day are enough to give you the knowledge of literature and life, the culture and the thinking capacity which every university strives to give.

You can enjoy these good books while you are paying for them. P. F. Collier & Son, since 1875, has brought good books within reach of all. Act today!



TEAR OFF—MAIL TODAY

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York City

By mail, free, send me the booklet telling all about the most famous library in the world, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot. Also please advise me how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

Name { Mr. _____
 { Mrs. _____
 { Miss _____ (Please write plainly)

Address.....

6199—HCRA-L

The publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet to children

BUSINESS & FINANCE



\$2,500 Interest from \$10 a Month

\$10 invested each month at 6½% with the interest reinvested at the same rate will accumulate \$4,880.10 in 20 years. In these years you will have invested in cash only \$2,400, and your earned interest will be \$2,480.10—more than the sum actually invested in cash. Even at forty, if you invest \$50 to \$100 a month, you will be well-to-do by your sixtieth birthday.

Send for Free Book, "How to Build an Independent Income"

THE F. H. SMITH CO

Investment Securities—Founded 1873

Smith Bldg., Washington, D. C.

285 Madison Ave., New York City

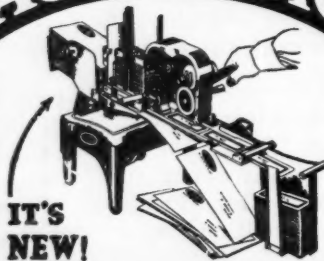
Branch offices in other Cities

NAME
ADDRESS 'M1-84'

TUNE IN

Daily Summaries of Significant Events broadcast by Associated Radio Stations. (See p. 35).

AUTOMATIC



IT'S
NEW!

NO more slow hand-feeding of envelopes into an addressing machine one by one! — Get a demonstration of this wonderful new popular-priced addresser. — It automatically feeds envelopes into itself as fast as you can turn the crank.

DOES A DAY'S WORK
IN 5 MINUTES

Four times faster than other addressing machines of similar size and price.

For complete information and a FREE BOOK on Direct-Mail Advertising, pin this ad. to your business letterhead and mail to us.

ELLIOTT

ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.

145 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

Tinconfabulation

U. S. and Welsh tin plate manufacturers conferred, last week, on problems of growing competition. From the conference, there emerged, tentatively, an agreement. Welshmen said they would not compete in Canada and South America, where U. S. capital is invested in the food packing industry, large user of tin plate. U. S. manufacturers promised to tack away from the European markets, pre-War stronghold of the Welsh.

Yelloway-Pioneer

Philadelphians had the right to be downright vexed last week. For a month the transcontinental bus system projected last summer (TIME, June 4) and now named Yelloway-Pioneer System had been operating between Los Angeles and Philadelphia. But the country was told very little of the accomplishment. Last week the bus system was extended to Manhattan, 3,433 highway miles from Los Angeles, and there was much to do. A Mrs. C. A. Jondro of Los Angeles, one of the four persons who made the whole journey (in 5 days, 14 hours), declared the ride more comfortable than by train and "more chummy. . . . We had a portable radio and perfect service all the way."

Fisher Brothers

Twenty years ago the Fisher brothers organized their motor car body business as a Michigan corporation. It prospered collaterally with the motor industry. Two years ago Fisher Body's net tangible assets were practically \$90,000,000. General Motors, their chief customer, had by that time acquired three-fifths of their stock; the Fisher brothers owned most of the rest. Finally they traded all their holdings to General Motors for General Motors stock.

Now Charles T. Fisher is a G. M. vice president and director; so too, Fred J. Fisher. Lawrence P. Fisher is a director and president of the G. M.'s Cadillac division, William A. a director and president of the Fisher Body division. The \$36,000,000 G. M. stock that they received for their business has increased manifold from G. M. extra dividends and stock split-ups and stock market offers.

What to do with their wealth? Fred J. Fisher apparently took the lead. He went into the stock market. On a large scale, he bought shares of various corporations. Financial writers began calling him a speculator. They linked him with Arthur W. Cutten of Chicago, an out-&-out, but secretive market operator. They compared him with William Crapo Durant, ousted founder of General Motors and now one of the shrewdest, hardest hitting operators in Wall Street.

But Fred J. Fisher, canny, was buying his stock with keen purpose. Revelation came last year when hard-bitten President Samuel M. Vauclain of Baldwin Locomotive roared that he would let no "outsider" on to Baldwin Locomotive's board of directors. Fred J. Fisher (and Arthur W. Cutten) made little rebuttal. But at the

next Baldwin Locomotive board meeting Fred J. Fisher was truculently made a director (also Mr. Cutten). He controlled sufficient stock (as did Mr. Cutten) to force his election as director.

Someone has been buying heavily into Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing stock. That someone seems to be Fred J. Fisher. But not yet has he done anything overt towards entry into the corporation's directorate.

But he did not wait long to make felt the influence of his recent investments in New York Central. For last week the New York Central directors who control N. Y. C.'s most important subsidiary, the Big Four (Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Railway), elected Fred J. Fisher a Big Four director. It was freely predicted he would become a N. Y. C. director next month.

Moneymarket

Manhattan banks raised interest rates on 90-day loans to 7%, threatened even higher rates if the demand were heavy. In only three of the last thirty years, and not since the deflation days of 1921, had time money been so high. Many were the grumblers. Among the loudest, most bitter, was Columnist Arthur Brisbane, who is first a businessman, then a reporter.

Columnist Brisbane did more than grumble. He sneered: "Borrowers should send three large gilt balls to be hung above the Federal Reserve Bank entrance, and similar ornaments to some of the big banks." He threatened: "This is what the law of New York State says, Section 370: 'The legal rate of interest shall not be more than \$6 on \$100 for one year.' Every bank charging more than 6% interest is violating the law and knows it."

"... When men extort eight per cent for loans on absolutely good security, somebody ought to go to jail, beginning with the responsible respectability in the Federal Reserve."

But Manhattan's bankers failed to tremble. They answered neither sneers nor threats. Had they wished, however, they might have said: "We charge no more than the legal 6% interest rate. The additional 1% is a carrying fee, to compensate us for our trouble in carrying the account." This was, of course, one of many current evasions of the law's letter.

Condiment Crises

Traditionally inseparable are salt and pepper.* All laymen recognize their union, their happy partnership. Few laymen realize their fundamental differences. Salt is a mineral; pepper a vegetable. Salt is a domestic product; all black pepper is imported.

Last week, specialists in the salt and pepper markets noted a more acute, immediate difference. The price of salt goes

*Other inseparables: vinegar and oil, Damon and Pythias, warp and wool, odds and ends, pen and ink, man and wife, flotsam and jetsam, hook and crook, cup and saucer, night and main, sixes and sevens, beer and skittles, bread and butter, jot and tittle, flora and fauna, sweetness and light.



EVERYTHING RIGHT AT YOUR FINGERTIPS . . . in this well-planned, Art-Metal-equipped office

Try This Tonic for your business morale

Step into a pleasant office . . . equipped with attractive Art Metal furniture designed by office equipment engineers . . . and your day's activities start with comfort and proceed with dispatch

MISFIT equipment can shatter the smoothness—lessen the speed—of office routine.

Equipment not built for its job or tired with old age wastes much valuable time and effort.

With Art Metal Steel Office Equipment, every piece exactly suits its job. Every piece is wrought from enduring steel by craftsmen . . . every

piece designed by office equipment engineers who know the needs of to-day's business. And the trim, clean lines and the vigorous, modern beauty of Art Metal give your office the appearance that speaks success.

Small wonder that so many offices are installing Art Metal. They are replacing equipment that sticks, warps, bruises, splinters and wears out, with this lasting and beautiful steel furniture.

Art Metal is available in wood-grain finishes and rich olive green.

If you'd like to find out more about the *modern* in office furniture as typified in easy-working, permanently handsome Art-Metal equipment, just write today for "Office Standards," a new booklet written especially to meet modern business needs. It offers many helpful hints on office arrangement and contains a practical office layout device. Also ask for the catalogs listed below in which you are interested:

1. Desks; 2. Steel Shelving; 3. Horizontal Sectional Files; 4. Plan Files; 5. Fire Safes; 6. Upright Unit Files; 7. Counter Height Files; 8. Post Index Visible Files. The Art Metal Construction Company, Jamestown, New York.

Art Metal

STEEL OFFICE EQUIPMENT, SAFES AND FILES

Special college fitting course of established success. Open to selected girls who failed college examinations for 1927 or 1928. Superior school and residence buildings; suburban environment, urban advantages. Tuition and home, \$1200. Full information on request.

THE GATEWAY SCHOOL
New Haven, Conn.

Locate your factory in NORTHERN ILLINOIS



STRETCHING northward to Wisconsin's border, west to the Fox River, southwest toward Peoria, and southeast to the Indiana State line, lies a territory which offers exceptional advantages to manufacturers. Here, an unfailing supply of labor and abundant raw materials are found in combination with the unsurpassed market, transportation and power resources of the great Chicago area.

Write our Industrial Development Department for Booklet T.

PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS

GENERAL OFFICES:
72 West Adams Street
CHICAGO

Serving 6000 square miles—295 communities—with Gas or Electricity

steadily down. (TIME, Sept. 17.) But the price of pepper is soaring, rocketlike, to record heights.

Pepper, a seed, is picked from a 40-foot vine, growing up the trunk of a tree, or around a low hut. There are two seasons, two sources. From Telok Betong in Dutch East India are harvested each July between 10,000 and 24,000 tons of pepper seeds known as Lampong. Alleppy and Tellicherry pepper comes from India and is harvested in December. Before they are used for seasoning, the seeds are ground, packed in tin boxes, and given a label. But whether Lampong, Alleppy or Tellicherry vines bore it, whether bought in an exclusive delicatessen shop or in the Great Atlantic & Pacific tea store, no matter what the box or price, all pepper tastes alike.

The 1927 crop of Lampong was far below normal. This year's crop, not yet delivered, is only about 15,000 tons. Spice traders (pepper is the most important of their 108 spices), trading in spot pepper and futures, are short when the time of delivery arrives. They must get pepper at any price to fulfill contracts. They must draw from the surplus Alleppy and Tellicherry in India and in England, and pay dearly. Prices rise. From a normal price of 12¢ a pound, pepper quotations have risen to 43¢. Brokers prophesied last week that a high of 40¢ would be touched before the December crop of Alleppy and Tellicherry is shipped in February or March.

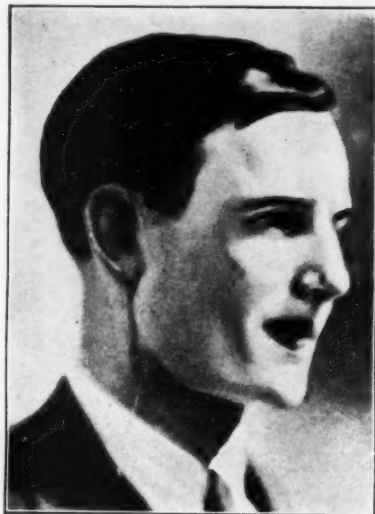
Harlem Bank

Typographically uninteresting, written in the stiff, undeviating style of all worthy financial announcements, an advertisement, which measured $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, three columns wide, made known last week without obvious effort to do so, that John Davison Rockefeller III had made his debut on a directorate. Said the notice, printed in Manhattan dailies: "To serve adequately the banking needs of the Harlem section of New York City, the Dunbar National Bank of New York . . . will open for business September 17, 1928." It said the bank was "established particularly to serve the business and personal banking interests of Harlem's Negro population."

Tucked away in the alphabetical list of directors in agate type was the name, John D. Rockefeller III. Ignorant of one of the pet Rockefeller philanthropies, a superficial observer might wonder why a Rockefeller, a Herbert Lee Pratt (Standard Oil), a Henry Elliott Cooper (Equitable Trust Co.), should be interested in a comparatively puny bank whose capital

was announced as \$500,000, whose declared purpose was to serve Harlem's Negroes.

It is significant that John Davison Rockefeller Jr. should pick the Dunbar



DIRECTOR ROCKEFELLER

Serves with a Senator's son.

National Bank for his son's first financial activity.* The Paul Laurence Dunbar Apartments, named for the Negro poet (1872-1906), and built by Rockefeller money, will house the bank.

The significance of Rockefeller Jr.'s choice of the Dunbar National Bank is in the long list of gifts which he has made toward the betterment of Negroes. Tuskegee, Hampton and Fiske have been given many a million; the Spelman Seminary, Negro girls' school in Atlanta, Ga., another beneficiary, gives a leading clue to Rockefeller Jr.'s largess. Rockefeller Jr.'s maternal grandmother was an eager opponent of slavery, helped form a link in the underground railway which slipped escaping slaves to freedom. Rockefeller Jr.'s mother was Laura C. Spelman; in honor of the Spelman family the Atlanta school was founded.

President of the Dunbar National Bank is Joseph D. Higgins, 36 years a banker, onetime (1914-23) Federal Reservist, former vice president of the American Exchange-Irving Trust Co. There is one Negro on the directorate. He is Harvard-graduated Roscoe Conkling Bruce, son of the late Roscoe Conkling Bruce, onetime U. S. Senator from Louisiana.

Cinema

Warner Brothers Pictures Inc. (Vitaphone sound pictures) last week arranged to buy Stanley Co. of America (exhibitors with more than 3,000 cinema houses under control). The absorption is a \$100,000,000 affair.

The deal is of vital importance to Warner Brothers. They were the pioneers in the production of sound-pictures, which this year have given a new spurt to the

* Rockefeller III, a Princeton senior, spent the summer in Geneva working as a \$40-a-week assistant in the information bureau of the League of Nations.



Reddy Tees last longer. Made in one piece of tough white birch, they are hard to split or chip. Sold everywhere. Red or yellow. 18 for 25c. The Nieblo Mfg. Co., Inc., 38 E. 23rd St., N. Y. City

THE REDDY TEE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Be sure you get the original and genuine

U. S. amusement industry. But Warner Brothers have had very few houses of their own. While their sound picture rival, Fox Film (with Movietone) has customers in the allied Fox Theatres, Warner Brothers have been obliged to depend upon the demand, insistent although it was, of strange and jealous exhibitors. With Stanley Co. it can stand shoulder to shoulder with other great amusement sellers—Paramount-Famous-Lasky, Loew, Fox.

Eavesdropper

Last year, A. T. & T. viewed its experiment in trans-Atlantic telephones with misgivings. Few businessmen, tourists, picked up receivers and said "London, please," or "New York, please." Costly, difficult, the New York-London service seemed about to fail.

But last week, A. T. & T. came to the end of its misgivings, announced it would not only continue the two present long wave circuits* but would open additional short-wave circuits from transmitting stations to be built near Trenton, N. J. Calls in the first eight months of 1928 were three times the total of Jan.-Aug., 1927. The 12½-hour service has been lengthened to 14½ hours. Now connected with the trans-Atlantic circuit are Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland, Antwerp, Brussels, Berlin, Paris, Copenhagen, Oslo, Malmo, Stockholm and eight Mexican cities. The latest extension, completed last fortnight, carries the service to Guadalajara, Mexico.

When you telephone from New York to Chicago, unless the wires have been tapped, your conversation is overheard only by operators. But when you telephone Europe, your words may be caught by any enterprising amateur radiodict who chances to tune in on A. T. & T.'s wave length.

Such an amateur did overhear, last week, part of a conversation between the "biggest" National City Bank and its Berlin agent. The conversation concerned another famed banking house, Brown Bros., with which National City was linked in a German financing deal. From the eavesdropping amateur there came to Brown Bros. a transcript of the talk. Brown Bros. did not like the National City talk. Puzzled, Brown Bros. asked explanations. National City, astonished, gave them. Still friends, still associates, the two banks resolved upon more cautious, coded communications.

Index

Seat. A New York Stock Exchange seat was sold last week for \$415,000. The previous high price was \$398,000, negotiated last May. The Exchange has 1,100 members. No indications exist that the membership will be increased and thus depreciate the value of seats.

Cinema. Warner Bros. bought control of the Stanley Co. of America, and there-

*The voice now crosses the Atlantic eastward by radio from Rocky Pt., L. I. (or Deal, N. J.); is received at the radio station at Cupar, Scotland; then goes by wire to London; from there to any of the "opened" cities and countries of Europe. Westward from Europe, the answering voice is sent by radio from Rugby, England; received in Houlton, Maine (or Netcong, N. J.), then goes by wire to Manhattan; from there anywhere in the U. S. or Canada.



*Smart hostesses welcome the
"Coffee that Lets You Sleep"*

EVERY hostess knows that delicious coffee is the crowning touch of dinner—the late supper, the evening party. Yet so many people have been forced to give up coffee at night because it disturbs their rest.

Now these people can enjoy wonderful coffee—safely—at any hour. Kaffee Hag—a blend of the world's finest coffees—has 97% of the drug caffeine removed. It brings all of coffee's delightful flavor and aroma, with nothing to affect sleep or nerves.

No wonder this is such welcome news to every woman who entertains, or whose home folks cannot enjoy a friendly cup of coffee at night.

Substitutes could never satisfy the true coffee lover. Only Kaffee Hag can delight the thousands who want coffee, but not caffeine.

Try Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee. Note how you enjoy it. Doctors recommend Kaffee Hag, the original decaffeinated coffee.

At dealers. In full-pound cans,

steel cut or in the bean. Also served in hotels, restaurants. On diners.

For ten cents, we will send you a generous trial-size can. Just clip the coupon below.

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1805 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

Name _____

Address _____



KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

Not a substitute — but REAL COFFEE — minus caffeine



FRESH Ocean Fish in your inland home

WE catch 40-Fathom Fish far out at sea from Boston.

We remove the heads, tails, backbones, scales and all waste.

We wrap the remaining white fish meat in parchment paper (see wrapper above) and express it in ice to your dealer.

40-Fathom Fish is the cream of the catch—the sweet white tenderloin of the sea. Always fresh—never frozen nor preserved nor out of cold storage. Always smacking with the delectable savor of the sea.

Ask your butcher, grocer or fish dealer for 40-Fathom Fish by name. Get it in the above wrapper; for fish not in this wrapper is not 40-Fathom Fish!

SEND COUPON BELOW.

BAY STATE FISHING CO.
30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.

T. 9-24

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Recipes for Cooking 40-Fathom Fish" as they do at the Ritz Carlton Hotel in New York, written by Theodore Szarvas, maitre d'hotel, and Louis Diat, chef de cuisine, of that famous hotel.

Name

Address

by first entree to more than 3,000 cinema houses (see p. 32).

Car Loadings reported last week for the week ending Sept. 1, totaled 1,116,948. This was 36,108 cars more than during the previous week but 412 less than the same week last year.

93-year Flame. From 1835 until last week a mighty flame burned continually at a New Orleans artificial gas plant. Cheaper natural gas became available. So the 93-year flame was at last smothered.

Kroger Grocery & Baking Co. now has 4,605 stores—by purchase last week of 125 B. C. Thomas stores and 41 K. & B. stores at Grand Rapids, Mich. At the same time Kroger's bought a Grand Rapids creamery, a bakery and a real estate company.

Wheat. Renick William Dunlap, Acting Secretary of Agriculture, warned farmers not to sell their wheat crop too hastily. The northern hemisphere is raising 2,873,000 bushels of wheat this fall. This is a trifle more than last year. But the world's rye crop is 92,000,000 bushels less than last year; the potato crop will be less; Russia probably will have no wheat to export; people are demanding more wheat (as flour) than ever before.

Autos & Planes. Continental Motors has begun to make motors for airplanes. Ford, Packard and Auburn have long been connected with flying. General Motors not at all. Yet the du Ponts have given financial backing to Guiseppe Bellanca, plane designer. And the du Ponts are a large part of General Motors. So the industrial surmise is not so wild that General Motors will soon make airplanes and equipment.

Exported Autos. The *American Automobile* last week published its survey of the U. S. automotive industry's exports for the first half of this year. Motor cars and trucks exported numbered 260,072 (44,837 more than in the first half of 1927); were worth \$184,687,815. Tires: 1,344,000 (225,072 fewer than last year). Parts: \$55,318,127 worth (\$1,152,428 gain). Best car customer was Australia; best truck customer, Argentina.

5-Cent Loaves. Atlantic & Pacific chain stores in and around New York began to sell 1-lb. loaves of bread for 5¢. They also sold 2-lb. loaves for 8¢. Wherever freight rates on flour from Minneapolis are as cheap as to Manhattan, there A. & P. will sell loaves as cheaply. Other stores will doubtless follow.

Gold Movement. Because five hundred million dollars of gold had been shipped away from the U. S. this year, the shipment of \$2,500,000 from England to the U. S. last week, was memorable. It was the first time in more than a year that such movement had happened. Interest rate on loans is the cause. Money in New York cost 7% to 8%, in London 4½%; and money goes where it earns most.

Steel. Neat ingot after neat ingot will have come out of the U. S. steel mills. 48,000,000 times before the year has ended, predicted J. R. Nutt, president of the Union Trust Company of Cleveland, last week, in *Trade Winds*, his bank's magazine. Automobiles, building and railroad equipment and petroleum industry doings will cause the mills to produce 1,000,000 more ingots than were pressed in 1926, the record year.

MILESTONES

Born. To Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoover of Boston; a son, christened Alfred Smith.

Engaged. Warren Straton, 20, Manhattan Beaux Arts sculpture student, son of Dr. John Roach Straton; to one Ruth Cater of Douglaston, Queens County, N. Y.

Engaged. Florence Havemeyer, daughter of Henry Osborne Havemeyer (coal, copper, fruit) of Mahwah, New Jersey; to George F. Robinson, naval architect of Manhattan.

Engaged. Arnold W. Jones, ranking U. S. tennisman, onetime Yale and Yale-Harvard team captain (1924), of Providence, R. I.; to Catherine Gardner, granddaughter of George Peabody Gardner (copper, electricity, banks), Boston, Mass.

Married by Proxy. Juan Romero of Toronto, Canada; and Mrs. Judith Romero of Bahia, Brazil; in Bahia, Brazil. Unable, because of business, to attend his own wedding, Groom Romero sent his brother to Brazil to act as proxy. Last week Mrs. Romero arrived in Manhattan on the *Southern Cross*, met her husband for the first time since their engagement.

Married. Arthur R. Thomas of Garnerville, N. Y., brother of Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for President; to Christine Dann of Beltsville, Md.

Married. Esther du Pont, daughter of Lammot du Pont, Delaware chemicals & explosives tycoon; to Campbell Weir of the Bellanca Airplane Co. of New Castle, Del.; in Wilmington, Del.

Married. Capt. the Viscount Caryl Nicholas Charles Hardinge, 23, fourth Viscount of Lahore and King's Newton, Derbyshire, Aide-de-camp to the Governor-General of Canada since 1926; to Margot Fleming, granddaughter of the late Sir Sanford Fleming, famed Canadian-Pacific railroad engineer & publicist; in Ottawa, Canada.

Elected. Dr. Clark S. Northup, professor of English at Cornell University; to be President of Phi Beta Kappa.

Elected. Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut; to be President of the National Aeronautics Association.

Resigned. Mrs. Margaret Sanger of Manhattan; from the presidency of the American Birth Control League.

Bankrupt. Steve Donoghue, who has jockeyed six winners of the famed English Derby, who this year has ridden 108 consecutive losing horses.

Bankrupt. Arthur Benjamin Reeve, novelist, creator of "Craig Kennedy, the Scientific Detective." Author Reeve's

TIME

Every Evening

NEW YORK, WOR
Bamberger & Co.

BOSTON, WNAC
Shepard Stores

PROVIDENCE, WEAN
Shepard Stores

PHILADELPHIA, WLIT
Lit Brothers

ROCHESTER, WHAM
Stromberg Carlson Tel. Mfg. Co.

BUFFALO, WMAK
WMAK Studios, Inc.

PITTSBURGH, KDKA
Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.

DETROIT, WGHP
Harrison Phelps, Inc.

CLEVELAND, WTAM
Sponsored by Central National Bank

COLUMBUS, WAIU
American Insurance Union

INDIANAPOLIS, WFBM
Ind. Power & Light Co.

CHICAGO, WJJD
Sponsored by Palmer House

QUINCY, WTAD
Illinois Stock Med. Inc.

RALEIGH, WPTF
Durham Life Insurance Co.

MEMPHIS, WMC
Memphis Commercial Appeal

NASHVILLE, WSM
National Life & Accident Ins. Co.

HOPKINSVILLE, WFIW
Acme Mills

ST. PETERSBURG, WSUN
St. Petersburg Chamber of Com.

CLEARWATER, WFLA
Clearwater Chamber of Com.

PENSACOLA, WCOA
City of Pensacola

The Weekly Newsmagazine

TO KEEP men well informed—to present honest summaries of significant events—that is the purpose of TIME, and now of NEWSCASTING.

40 leading Radio Stations, from Boston to Los Angeles, from St. Petersburg, Fla., to Ketchikan, Alaska, are co-operating with TIME in bringing news of all the world, every day, to millions of Americans via radio.

NEWSCASTING is the TIME of the air. In preparing NEWSCASTING, all information is collected on every event. TIME's editors, masters of narrative English, compress this information into brief, vivid paragraphs which record the significant facts.

So, while the NEWSCASTING "hour" is brief—ten minutes—it brings to listeners-in, every evening, news from many fields of activity—politics, business, foreign countries, the theatre, aeronautics, religion, sport, science.

NEWSCASTING supplements TIME. Like TIME, NEWSCASTING is an entirely new method of learning all the news of all the world.

The co-operating Radio Stations and TIME will appreciate comment on this new service to listeners-in. Applaud or criticize—by letter, by post card.

Every Evening

NEW ORLEANS, WSMB
Saenger Theatres & Maison Blanche

ST. LOUIS, KMOX
St. Louis Globe Democrat

KANSAS CITY, KMBC
Midland Broadcasting Co.

ST. PAUL, KSTP
National Battery Broadcasting Co.

EAU CLAIRE, WTAQ
Gillette Rubber Co.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, KOIL
Mona Motor Oil Co.

HOT SPRINGS, KTHS
Arlington Hotel

WICHITA, KFH
The Hotel Lassen

OKLAHOMA CITY, KFJF
National Radio Mfg. Co.

DALLAS, KRLD
Daily Times Herald

FORT WORTH, KFQB
Texas Hour Broadcasting Co.

WACO, WJAD
Hotel Raleigh

COLORADO SPRINGS, KFUM
Corley Mountain Highway

SALT LAKE CITY, KSL
Radio Service Corp. of Utah

HOLLYWOOD, KFVB
Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc.

SAN FRANCISCO, KYA
Pacific Broadcasting Co.

PORTLAND, KEX
Western Broadcasting Co.

SEATTLE, KFOA
Rhodes Department Store

TACOMA, KMO
KMO, Incorporated

KETCHIKAN, KGBU
Alaska Radio & Service Co.

NEWSCASTING

Daily Summaries of Significant Events

affidavit, filed in Manhattan, stated that he owes nearly \$40,000.

Died. Harry C. Crafts, "only man who ever defeated Coolidge"; of apoplexy; in Pittsfield, Mass. He once won the post of school committeeman of Northampton, Mass., in a contest with the President.

Died. James Duncan, 71, beloved labor leader, onetime Vice President of the American Federation of Labor (1894-1924); after a long illness; in Quincy, Mass.

Died. Patrick J. ("Paddy") Lynch, 75, famed fireman, hero of the *General Slocum* disaster; after several years' illness; in Manhattan. In 1904 the *General Slocum*, filled with Sunday School picnickers, caught fire in Manhattan's East River. The lives of 1,031 were lost. Fireman Lynch rowed zealously back and forth between the blazing steamer and the shore, saved 41 persons.

Get Two Salary Checks Instead of One!

THIS EASY WAY
THE HERTEL PLAN offers the most profitable, fascinating way of making big money with **Personal Christmas Cards**.

We pay you **WEEKLY** and give extra **MONTHLY BONUS** checks. A stenographer made \$1000 during lunch hours with THE HERTEL PLAN. Mrs. B. C. Woodward, a housewife, \$200 in spare time. D. J. Albrecht, Ill., \$21.75 in 2 hours.

Hertel Cards Sell Themselves
Everyone wants **MADE-TO-ORDER** Christmas Cards. Take hundreds of orders just showing our beautiful designs. Write today—make the biggest money of your life!

\$10 Outfit FREE

THE JOHN A. HERTEL CO.
318 W. Washington St. Dept. 4344 Chicago, Illinois

EDUCATION

To School!

What was new, parents asked, last week, when the pageant of "prep" school boys moved across the U. S.? Mothers (as before) kissed their sons, counted their



HEADMASTER WENDELL

The boys were excited.

shirts, sorted socks. Mothers (of heroes) hoped for no broken collar bones. But during the summer the preparatory schools had been preparing. What had they that was new? This the anxious parents asked.

In most preparatory schools yearly changes consist of a few new faces on the faculty and perhaps some broken ground for a building. Significant changes have generally remained subtle.

Nevertheless, last week, some changes proved of interest.

At St. Paul's in New Hampshire, an enlarged chapel, a new dining hall, gift of late Henry Chalfant, a manual training shop from Mr. John E. Barbour.

At Lawrenceville in New Jersey, the loss (for a year) of Novelist-Professor Thornton Niven Wilder, writing a novel in England, tramping with a friend; the gain of ten new Masters.

At Choate in Connecticut, greater stress on Music & Art.

At Hotchkiss in Connecticut, a new infirmary, a pointing of the way to much needed, much neglected medical surveillance in preparatory schools.

Similarly at Taft in Connecticut, a new infirmary.

Similarly at Kent in Connecticut, a new resident doctor.

At Hill in Pennsylvania, a new headmaster.

At Mercersburg in Pennsylvania, a new headmaster, Dr. Boyd Edwards, former headmaster of The Hill School, succeeding the late Dr. William Mann Irvine.

Dr. Harry J. Wieler, the Hotchkiss resident physician, last week began his second year as director of the year-old Medical Department. Observers saw in him a symbol. He marked the end of ignorance and carelessness in the medical departments of preparatory schools. Hotchkiss earned praise last week for its organized, efficient medical department, as did Taft and Kent.

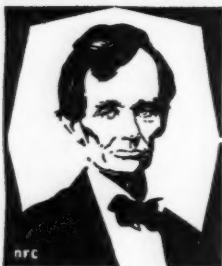
Rivals of Hotchkiss, the Hill School boys arrived last week in Pottstown, Pennsylvania-Dutch town, where the phrase "the coffee is all" means "there is no more coffee." All the boys were very excited. Not only were they at school, but "Jimmy" Wendell was their headmaster.

Tall, athletic James I. Wendell came to The Hill from Wesleyan in 1913. About him, when he first strode up the Hill School hill, was glory. He was then holder of the intercollegiate record in low hurdles, had been holder of the world's record, and point winner in the 1912 Olympic games.

When urbane Dwight Raymond Meigs resigned his headmastership in 1922 Mr. Wendell became treasurer of The Hill School. Dr. Boyd Edwards, pastor of the Hillside Presbyterian Church, Orange, N. J., became headmaster.

Dr. Edwards resigned his headmastership last winter. His action surprised and bewildered many younger alumni. Abundant, thereafter, were false rumors. Facts known were that there had been several excited meetings of the trustees, that Dr. Edwards had offered his resignation voluntarily more than once, that finally the debates ended in amity. To the younger alumni it was enough to know that Dr. Edwards was now headmaster of Mercersburg, and to remember that The Hill School is also The Hill School Corporation, that financial reasons are often inscrutable and equally often sound.

This year, therefore, experienced and popular "Jimmy" Wendell and Mrs. Marjorie Potts Wendell are at the head of the school.



Abraham Lincoln

1809 - 1858

by Albert J. Beveridge

The author of "The Life of John Marshall" has assembled more facts about Lincoln's earlier career than have ever before been brought together. He has woven them into a narrative of compelling power and complete reality. Two volumes, illustrated, \$12.50.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

B O O K S

Tainted

THE BABYONS—Clemence Dane—*Doubleday, Doran* (\$5.00).

Babyon Court had been "lived in, lived in, until it could go on living all by itself." So violently did each generation lead its own life that the Black Babyons lived forever in the whispered tales of villagers and gypsies, forever in the portraits that glared fiercely from the dusky walls of the manor gallery. Tainted with madness, each generation warped and haunted the next, till between them their evil eye withered the fruit of the womb, and ended the line. Vivid, self-willed, fascinating, they had persisted through four ages:

Georgian. Hariot Babyon affianced her flashing black beauty and fabulous fortune to her Cousin Jamie. But "she was a black woman on a red ground . . . a sight he should have seen last year, on his tour, not now, home in safe sunny England." Terrified, he ran off with Menella, fair-haired handmaiden in "rose linen sprigged with small corn flowers and carnations." They swore to be true "till death us do part." Hariot's death, by her own jealous hand, did part them, and haunt them, till Jamie rode to his own frenzied death, and thus joined the siren he had jilted.

Late Georgian. Menella's children by Jamie were twins. Ludovic married sensibly enough; but Isabella roved the woods, or sought out her brother's foils in the attic, and spent hours "fencing with unstable shadows cast by the candles that she lit in the dusk." When Ludovic killed her lover, a beautiful and outcast Jew, Isabella in turn killed her brother, and fled with a gypsyman to whom she bore seven sons and a daughter.

Early Victorian. This daughter had a daughter—out of wedlock—by a respectable village merchant, who kept the child, gentle Mary Anne, and lavished on her wealth, breeding, everything but a legitimate name. Queer, handsome Charles, heir to the Babyons, gave her that, and a son who adored her.

Edwardian. This son, Nicholas, married a spirited girl who brought to Babyon Court a virile zest for life, but lost it in the murky shadows of the portrait gallery. Frightened by the black sneer of Hariot and Isabella, she rushed from the gallery, fell stumbling down the broad staircase, and lost her unborn child. She never had another, for Nicholas, last of the Babyons, was old and bitter and resigned, given to eerie moods.

The chronicle is complete—a tragic tale of fatality done into poetic prose. Dra-



CLEMENCE DANE
"Rose linen sprigged with small
cornflowers. . . ."

matic in sweep, *The Babyons* is a distinguished piece of writing that glows with colorful finesse of concrete detail. Clemence Dane (*Will Shakespeare*, and *A Bill of Divorcement*) lives deep in Devonshire, where she feeds her guests cold ham for breakfast.

Farce

SPIDER BOY—Carl Van Vechten—*Knopf* (\$2.50).

No place for the man who loves home and normalcy, Hollywood is grist to the mill of the farceur. Van Vechten takes a spineless playwright, lover of normalcy, and pitches the unwilling wretch into a kaleidoscope of temperamental screen-stars, their mamas (chaperones?) and parasitic Spanish nobles, of shrewd Jewish producers and bland re-write men. Imperia Starling snatches Ambrose Deacon to her Italo-Spanish-Tudor-Romanesque villa, gives him a small dinner party for 60 or 80, makes passionate love to him, orders him to write her a script. He escapes to New Mexico. She pursues with a sheriff. In self-defense he signs a rival producer's contract, and marries a sub-star from Kansas City, to the luxurious jingle of magnificent jewels, gilt-edged limousines, plum-colored footmen, in short—Hollywood. The author handles his glittering incredible material with staccato brilliance.

Murder

The ghastly corpse sprawls on the floor, a curious dagger still quivering in its side. The wall-safe gapes open—gone the twin heirloom emeralds, gone the royal Russian ruby. A slip of a girl cowers by the curtain, hand to throat, wide eyes glued to the horrid spectacle. Thunderous knocking at the door—the police! Quavering house-keeper opens; gusty storm blows her grey wisp of hair, flash of lightning glitters in her twin green (emerald green) eyes. Blustering sergeant finds cigaret case initialed J. S. "A plant," sneers John Smith, master detective, who has appeared suddenly in their midst. "Forged!" he leers again, as the sergeant unearths a wallet stuffed with bills. A low moan from the upper hall; the police lumber up to find another body: the ambassador's son. Detective Smith goes to the phone: "Give me trans-Atlantic, operator—I want Scotland Yard." . . .

To the general public Scotland Yard stands for all that is masterly in criminal detection. So much so, in fact, that the best-selling detective stories involve Scotland Yard; the second best contain the word *murder* in the title; and the rest trail far behind. Such are the findings of the American "Crime Club,"* a smart bookselling racket conceived by Nelson Doubleday, smart son of a smart father.

As an advertisement, he mails to club members or prospective members a pink sheet of mystery-story news luridly modeled after the gumchewer dailies. But it is mailed to no gumchewers; rather to portly smokers of Corona Coronas—bank presidents, railway magnates, lawyers, Senators, and even a presidential candidate. Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt were notoriously addicted to mystery stories; so also Dwight Morrow, Stanley Baldwin, Arthur Hadley, Herbert Hoover.

Of the tremendous output of detective stories a goodly number attain the high standard of sportsmanship which gives the amateur sleuth a pleasantly difficult chance of spotting the criminal. Follows a list of recent good mysteries:

THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE TRAIN—Agatha Christie—*Dodd, Mead* (\$2). Society woman murdered en route to Nice—for love, for money, or for famous rubies?

THE BLACK HOUSE IN HARLEY STREET—J. S. Fletcher—*Doubleday, Doran* (\$2). An underworld gang robs the peerage of its diamonds and yachts, conducts terrific hypnotism, torture, explosion.

THE CLEVER ONE—Edgar Wallace—*Doubleday, Doran* (\$2).

Two foul murders pointing to a young

*In London two distinguished social clubs for criminologists, lawyers, psychiatrists, are the Crime Clubs, Jr. and Sr.

TIME readers may obtain post-paid, promptly, any book of any U. S. publisher, by communicating with Ben Boswell, TIME, Inc., enclosing check or money-order to cover regular retail price. If price is unknown, send \$5 and Ben Boswell will remit correct change.

BEN BOSWELL

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

25 West 45th St.

NEW YORK CITY

Ben Boswell recommends:

THE PHILOSOPHY OF JOHN DEWEY—Selected and edited by Joseph Ratner—*Holt* (\$4.00). Erudite presentation. (See TIME, September 10)

THE HAPPY MOUNTAIN—Maristan Chapman—*Viking* (\$2.50). Sentimental tale in pungent dialect. (August 27)

ADVENTURES OF AN AFRICAN SLAVER—Malcolm Cowley—*A. & C. Boni* (\$4.00). Savour of an unsavoury trade. (September 10)

NEW DIMENSIONS—Paul T. Frankl—*Payson, Clarke* (\$6.00). Modern furniture beautifully photographed, bravely argued. (August 27)



Your child can equal this record

CALVERT SCHOOL for 31 years has given children a thorough schooling in their own homes.

The thoroughness is proved by this graduate: "When my boy entered Phillips Exeter he had never been in a school room while a recitation was in progress in his life! Educated entirely by Calvert home courses, he passed the entrance examinations and has been doing very well ever since."

When your child is five you can begin his education at home by the Calvert Home Instruction Courses. Every pupil is assigned to a Calvert teacher in Baltimore, who personally examines his papers and guides his work.

V. M. Hillyer, A.B., Harvard, author of "Child Training," "A Child's History of the World," etc., is Head Master.

For descriptive booklet address

CALVERT SCHOOL
129 Tuscany Road, Baltimore, Md.



That's one of the reasons Kermath is so popular. Yachtsmen know of Kermath's reliability. In all sizes, types and description of craft—in pleasure boats and in work boats, the Kermath runs and runs and runs. No Kermath has ever worn out.

Tell us about your boat and let us recommend a Kermath installation that will give you lasting joy for years to come.

3 to 150 H. P.

\$135 to \$2300

**KERMATH
MANUFACTURING COMPANY**

5875 Commonwealth Ave., Detroit, Michigan
90 King St. W., Toronto, Ontario

A KERMATH ALWAYS RUNS

etcher set benevolent Detective Bourke on the trail of an international forger of banknotes.

DEEP LAKE MYSTERY—Carolyn Wells—*Doubleday Doran* (\$2).

A Wisconsin corpse is decorated with larkspur, feather-duster, oranges, and chiffon—is his charming niece the artist?

THE SIX PROUD WALKERS—Francis Beeding—*Little Brown* (\$2).

Death lurks on bright Italian highways and in dingy catacombs; political assassins and oil intrigues are tracked down.

THE MURDER OF MRS. DAVENPORT—Anthony Gilbert—*Dial* (\$2).

A famous beauty of questionable reputation is found strangled, clutching three black clues. Lovers' quarrel? Blackmail?

THE SEA MYSTERY—Freeman Wills Crofts—*Harper* (\$2).

Mutilated body packed into a crate and set adrift, but there is a triangular birthmark—and a love affair.

WHO KILLED GREGORY?—Eugene Jones—*Stokes* (\$2).

A dead enemy provides blood-curdling Cuban spooks, but the author ingeniously produces a flesh-and-blood murderer.

THE MYSTERY OF LYNDEN SANDS—J. J. Connington—*Little Brown* (\$2).

One mysterious death, one sure murder, one burglary, one mutilated face, and one lunatic—a thriller, though logical.

THE PATRIOT—A. E. and H. C. Walter—*Dutton* (\$2).

A philosopher and a psychiatrist goad the police on the trail of a hypnotic maniac, but involve a peroxide blonde on the way.

THE DIAMOND ROSE MYSTERY—Gertrude Knevels—*Appleton* (\$2).

Female bandits like Two-Gun Tittle and Kangaroo Kate conduct a reign of terror in Greenwich Village whilst a more charming female looks into the murder of her revivalist uncle.

Too Story-book

OLD PYBUS—Warwick Deeping—*Knopf* (\$2.50).

Having done a fine moving story of simpatico father (Sorrell) and son, Warwick Deeping now undertakes to present misunderstanding father and son, and with less success.

Old John Pybus, who had never understood his sons, disowned them for slacking during the War. But that war made them rich, and him so poor that he had to sell his musty bookshop and take a job finally as porter in a suburban hotel. Here his grandson, Lance, discovers him, white-haired, philosophic, feeding clouds of friendly pigeons. Lance, gentleman bred, chafed at his parents' flashy new-wealth, scorned his father for concealing the identity of his grandfather. Skipping a generation, Lance brought to understanding old Pybus all his young troubles—mixup with a London tart, throes of a first novel. Old Pybus basked in the confidences, gave harsh literary advice, produced just the girl for Lance. That Lance, of avowedly artistic temperament, should accept both the advice and the girl so promptly is somehow too story-book.

THE PRESS

Kobler's Dreams

The *American Weekly* is the Sunday supplement of the 28 Hearst newspapers. Advertisers are invited to regard it as a sort of magazine. It has a circulation of 25,000,000 (*Saturday Evening Post* has less than 3,000,000). Its advertising rate is \$16,000 per page. Its contents are entirely lurid: huge pictures and meaningless text about the scandals of Europe's lesser nobility, dinosaurs, spooks, freaks of science, etc. Eleven years ago, Publisher Hearst, despairing of selling advertising in such a thing, offered to give one Albert J. Kobler a big commission for every advertisement sold. From this commission, Salesman Kobler soon derived a five and then a six figure income. Last week, over the signature of Mr. Kobler, a curious full-page advertisement appeared in New York newspapers. It read, in part: "DOWN THE PILOT'S LADDER"

"The *American Weekly* has found its place and made its case. . . . But neither my temperament nor career can be satisfied with a situation that hereafter demands so little personal action. My energies and imagination must have fuller play. . . . And so I have tendered my resignation, turned the ship back to its captain. With this statement I climb down the pilot's ladder to an argosy of dreams. I am now the proprietor of a New York daily. . . . I only bespeak the patience of friends and public for time to 'Build My Rome.'"

And who is Rome-builder Kobler? He is nearly 52 years old and has never been a newspaper reporter. He dresses smartly, carries a malacca stick, and speaks in a Milt Gross accent. He lives in one of the largest apartments on Park Avenue, Manhattan. Once, his charming wife expressed a fancy for square jewels; he bought for her an emerald both square and huge. Typical of him is the fact that when he first asked Mr. Hearst for the *American Weekly* advertising job he pulled out a fist-full of advertising contracts already signed and at a higher rate. He got the job. He is also the man who nourished the straw hat industry. He suggested (and carried on a campaign through the Hearst papers) that men begin wearing straw hats 15 days earlier in the season. So successful was he that the present U. S. consumption of straw hats per year per adult male is two, as compared with the pre-Kobler era of one and a half.

Mr. Kobler's new "argosy of dreams" is the New York *Daily Mirror*. This was the Hearst tabloid, although it has been temporarily "owned" by U. S. Ambassador to Peru Alexander Pollock Moore.

The circulation of the *Mirror* is some 400,000. Recently it has been the least sensational of the three New York tabloids. Mr. Kobler plans no immediate editorial changes. Walter Howey will continue as editor.

Hearst v. Smith

To the inhabitants of New York City, "Diamond Lil" means only one thing and that is a smart, scheming, successful harlot. Mae West, buxom actress, is chiefly



DIAMOND LIL*

Raskob a chauffeur? Brisbane's idea.

responsible for making this meaning a household word. Her play, *Diamond Lil*, in which she performs the leading role of a dive-keeper's mistress, has been a smash-hit on Broadway since early spring.

The Democratic Party, as exemplified by its Presidential Nominee Alfred Emanuel Smith, has been christened "Diamond Lil" by the New York *American* (Hearst daily). A series of political cartoons† depicts her as part donkey, part woman, with big pearls around her neck, with tight-fitting, scanty black dress. She usually goes riding in an automobile with a tiger flunky and a chauffeur labelled RASKOB. Some days ago, Diamond Lil had an accident, an explosion caused by the Maine election. Her automobile was blown to smithereens. The story beneath the cartoon told how:

"Diamond Lil, transmogrified** Democratic donkey, thanks Providence that she didn't lose her pearls, although she did lose the Maine election.

"She declines to talk for publication beyond the statement, 'That was no way to treat a lady,' and 'Thank heaven, the jug wasn't broken.'

"Mr. Raskob, Diamond Lil's new chauffeur, also declined to be interviewed. Nurses at the hospital, where he lay for awhile unconscious, say that he repeated over and over, 'Take me back to General Motors,' whatever he may have meant by that."

Thus, the Hearst "whispering campaign"—whispers which shout, cartoons which anybody can understand—implying that Mr. Smith's Democratic Party is the party of notorious women, jugs of liquor, money for profane pearls, with Mr. Raskob as chief sugar-daddy.

Mr. Hearst has a good memory. He knows that Mr. Smith once killed his political ambitions in New York State.

*As impersonated by Actress Mae West.
†These cartoons are the work of two Hearst acs: Arthur Brisbane furnishes the ideas; T. E. ("Ton") Powers does the drawing. Some of the cartoons show "Diamond Lil" leading a little animal, part dog, part man, labeled GLOOM.

**A word, of humorous coinage, meaning changed to a different shape.

The Hearst press has made similar attacks on the Smith integrity before now and Governor Smith once flayed Publisher Hearst as follows: "He has not got a drop of good, clean, pure, red blood in his whole body. And I know the color of his liver, and it is whiter, if that could be, than the driven snow. . . . That fellow nearly murdered my mother. . . . Foul, dirty pen . . . slimy ink. . . . Greatest living enemy of the people whose cause he pretends to espouse. . . ."

Interview

"I think I understand more clearly than you imagine what you mean. Not long ago I visited an exhibition of modern pictures at Pittsburgh. Almost every European nation was represented. As I looked at those pictures I felt I could see through them into the minds of the nations which had created them.

"I could see the torment out of which they had been born. If the nation's psychology was still diseased so was its art. The traces of neurosis were unmistakable. If, on the other hand, the nation was on the road to recovery, if its people were rediscovering the happiness which they had lost, the story was told in the picture, too."

Who said this? One guess might be Behaviorist John Broadus Watson, or some other man who likes the sound of the words "Neurosis" and "If."

Who would be the last person in the world to say this? One guess might be President Calvin Coolidge, or some other man who is given to few words and less speculation, and who professes an earnest belief in Divine Providence.

And yet, the above quotation was last week printed as coming word for word from the mouth of President Calvin Coolidge. Credit for this scoop goes to the *London Sketch* and to a smart, egotistical young man named Beverley Nichols, who led British readers to believe that President Coolidge had spoken those very words. Perhaps Mr. Nichols, careless in the matter of quotation marks, felt that what the President actually said about art required an Oxonian polish. In any case, this unparalleled abuse of an interviewer's privilege did not prevent Doubleday Doran & Co. from inviting Mr. Nichols to edit their *American Sketch* (society chit-chat). New here, Mr. Nichols has doubtless been informed that it is not customary in the U. S. to exploit the President.

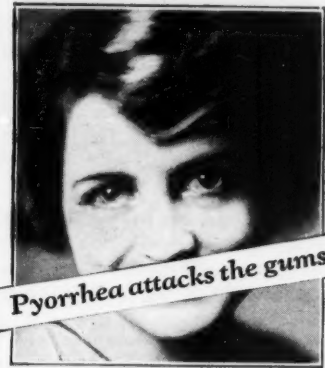
PEOPLE

"Names make news." Last week the following names made the following news:

Frau Cosima Wagner, famed widow, was reported last week to have a radio in her Bayreuth bedroom.

Nicholas Longworth, dapper Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives, has as one of his official privileges the use of a fine automobile furnished by the U. S. government. Last week, he quipped: "I want a Republican Congress because I don't want Jack Garner riding about in my auto-

White Teeth Deceive
BECAUSE..



Pyorrhea attacks the gums

Although their teeth may be flashing white, 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger pay heavy toll to Pyorrhea. This disease of neglect attacks the gums.

So as a matter of safety use the dentifrice that cleans teeth white and at the same time helps to firm gums—Forhan's for the Gums.

If used regularly and in time this dentifrice keeps gums alive and healthy. As you know, Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums. See your dentist every six months and start using Forhan's for the Gums morning and night. Get a tube from your druggist—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

TUNE IN

Daily Summaries of Significant Events broadcast by Associated Radio Stations. (See p. 35).



New Kind of
Check Book
ends check stub bother

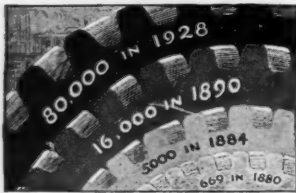
AGENTS - \$20 A DAY!

Just lay this book before any man who writes checks and the sale is made! Ready-Ref is easier to use than an ordinary check book—and far more convenient. On one page, withdrawals—on opposite page, deposits. A whole month's record at a glance. No more fumbling through check stubs! No more twice paid bills! You add or subtract only once a month instead of every time you write a check. Ideal for home budgets, income tax, trust estates—easy to find cost of home, car, investments, household expenses, etc. A 5-year record! Handsome leatheroid binding, hand-tooled. Your choice of three different editions. Full time or spare hours.

Used and praised by professional men, widows, corporation heads—even bankers! Low priced and pays for itself quickly. Write for introductory agents' offer. Big money—act quick.

Ready Reference Cash & Check Book Co.
M-100 Central Nat'l Bank Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.

Roanoke is Growing in High-Gear



because of real INDUSTRIAL ADVANTAGES

WHAT but real industrial advantages could bring the world's largest artificial silk (rayon) mill to Roanoke? What else could make it the location of 113 different industries—with some plants here the largest of their kind in the South? Quite evidently Roanoke has facilities that you should know about before you pick a location for your new plant or branch warehouse.

Write today for the **ROANOKE BRIEF**. It will give you the complete facts on Roanoke, compiled for quick, easy reading. When writing, please use your business letter-head. Address: Chamber of Commerce, 213 Jefferson Street, Roanoke, Virginia.

ROANOKE VIRGINIA

Noted Tour Booklet Free—"The Log of the Motorist through the Valley of Virginia and the Shenandoah."

MAKE Your Own Radiovisor

SIMPLE and inexpensive! Experience the thrill of pioneering in this wonderful new branch of Radio. Beginning Sept. 15th Science News-Letter tells you how to do it in an exclusive series of articles by C. Francis Jenkins. Read them and be first with a Radiovisor in your neighborhood.

SCIENCE NEWS-LETTER
Introductory Offer—\$1 for 13 Weeks
2187 B St. Washington, D. C.

Is There a Righteous God?

A strong answer to this eternal question and other liberal religious literature sent upon request.

G. T. CARR, Station A-41, WORCESTER, MASS.

Sell Christmas Cards

Boys, girls, men, women, clubs, churches, Earn **BIG MONEY**. No experience necessary selling the **biggest** bargain and newest thing in **PERSONALIZED CHRISTMAS CARDS**. Here's how: personalized cards had to be all same design. Now we offer box of 20 differently designed cards which are personalized with choice of greeting and customer's name plateless engraved to match. Box retails for \$2.25 of which 50¢ is yours. Miss Kitty Nelson earned \$2,000.00 last season with us. You can do the same. Start by selling your friends and their friends from our beautiful display furnished **FREE**—every one a prospect. Write today.

PERSONAL STATIONERY CORP. of N. Y.
503 5th Avenue New York City

\$100 a Week for **TAKING PICTURES**

We Furnish Camera and Teach You How. **FREE BOOK** explains opportunities as Motion Picture Camera Man, Portrait, News or Commercial Photographer, also Motion Picture Projection. Write **New York Institute of Photography** 10 W. 33rd St., New York, Dept. 154.

In responding to
an advertisement,
say you saw it in

TIME

mobile." Jack Garner is John Nance Garner, hale, hard-working and humorous Representative from Texas, who would undoubtedly be the Democrats' choice for



© Wide World

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST JR.

A cub on a favorite.

Speaker. He is a good friend of Speaker Longworth, as is every one else of any importance in the House.

To Westminster Cathedral last week went 6,000 people to do honor to **Francis, Cardinal Bourne**, famed priest. For 25 of his 67 years he has been Archbishop of Westminster. He came to the archbishopric when the cathedral was but a shell, developed it; lived to receive the red hat from Pope Pius X (1911). Last week he celebrated pontifical mass for his silver milestone as archbishop.

Sons

Their fathers and mothers having made news before them, the following sons made the following news last week:

William Block, 12, son of Publisher and Good Friend Paul Block, gave all his personal savings, \$2,365, to the presidential campaign fund of Alfred Emanuel Smith. Said he: "My father is an independent in politics, but I'm a Democrat."

William Randolph Hearst Jr., 20, returned from his honeymoon, began work on his father's favorite newspaper, the *New York American*, as a cub reporter. Said he: "This is no stunt."

Sir Henry Dickens, 79, only living son of Novelist Charles Dickens, flayed in London one Carl E. Bechofer-Roberts who had written a novel, *Ephesian*, defaming his father. Said he: "The book is so utterly unworthy of the slightest consideration . . . that I must decline to serve the author's purpose by adding to its publicity. . . . If any one had dared to publish a book like this 58 years ago when my father died, hundreds of people would have arisen to give it the lie."

Theodore Roosevelt 3rd, 13, sent \$10 and the following letter to Polar Pilgrim Richard Evelyn Byrd:

"Dear Commander Byrd: A little while ago I asked mother if ten dollars would be enough to come in handy if sent to you, and she said 'yes.' Therefore I decided to send you ten dollars

which I earned this Summer by painting the piazza roof, washing the muresco off the walls and ceiling of the bathroom, weeding the garden and various other similar jobs. I thought you might be able to buy some extra things.

"Much love and more luck,

"**TEDDY ROOSEVELT 3d.**"

Osborne Wood, son of the late Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, once made and lost a tidy fortune in Wall Street, has recently been working in an iron mine near Pecos, N. Mex. Last week he quit when a fellow workman was killed. Said he: "I have found all iron ore mines I have visited in New Mexico unsafe. There is a law regulating coal mine safety, but none relating to iron ore mines. I am going to do everything possible to get proper legislative measures in New Mexico to compel mine owners to safeguard employees."

William H. Vanderbilt is rather more than likely to be nominated and elected state senator in Rhode Island. The Republican incumbent withdrew and agreed to support Mr. Vanderbilt of Newport.

John Davison Rockefeller III, 22, was elected to the board of directors of a Negro bank (see p. 32).

John Coolidge, 22, finished the first week of his business career as file-and-claim-clerk in the New Haven offices (ugly yellow brick building) of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad; salary, \$30 a week; hours, 8:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. Said he: "I like it."

Samuel Carnes Collier, 16, son of Capitalist Barron Collier, completed last week his third season as designer-proprietor-manager of the Overlook Theatre, at Pocantico Hills, N. Y.* Built on his father's estate, the theatre is architecturally arresting, mechanically capable of showing both vaudeville and cinema to an audience of 66. The vaudeville includes magic ("Professor Alonzo, Swindler") and skits ("The Man Who Was Legally Right"). The performers are young friends of Son Collier; they give fictitious names in the programs. Said Son Collier: "I don't act unless I have to. I have enough to do." After locking the door of his theatre, he returned to his schooling at St. Paul's, Concord, N. H.

Prince Nobuhito Takamatsu, 23, son of the late Emperor of Japan, Yoshihito, and brother of the present Emperor, Hirohito, arrived at Honolulu with dirty hands, dirty face, dirty clothes. He explained to the reception committee that he had been directing the coaling of the cruiser *Yakumo*; asked that no photographs be taken. Then said he: "Honolulu may be called a place where the hands of peace, stretched by Japan and the U. S., grasp each other."

Drs. William James and Charles Horace Mayo, surgeons, dedicated their newest "mouse trap," a 19 story clinic building at Rochester, Minn., with a great ringing of a twenty-bell carillon hung in the tower. Their father, Dr. William Worrell Mayo, had settled in Rochester 65 years ago. When his sons hesitated in opening practice at the isolated small town, he persuaded them with Emerson's: "If you build a better mousetrap than your neighbor. . . ."

*Where John Davison Rockefeller, 89, has his favorite home.

.. 246 papers ... in a bank where 18 could do all the work

MOST successful business executives take a just pride in their ability to apply *man-power* effectively and economically. Yet often these same men will keep an army of papers on the payroll, doing the work that one-tenth of the number—chosen with a genuine understanding of requirements and standards—would accomplish with greater efficiency.

A few months ago, the Paper Users' Standardization Bureau was asked to study the papers used by one of the greatest banks in the Middle West. The letterheads, business forms and records of this company were then on 246 different bonds, ledgers and index bristols, some suitable and some entirely unsuitable for their purpose.

As in many other offices, this multiplicity of papers was due, not to any intention on the part of those responsible, but to lack of system in paper buying.

When a new form was ordered, the choice of the paper to be used was made more or less at random, governed by no definite specifications. As a result the bank was purchasing a variety of papers in insignificant quantities and paying a premium for every pound bought.

Analyzing the uses and purposes of all the business forms employed by this bank, the Paper Users' Standardization Bureau set correct paper standards for every one. And the total number of different papers required—including all the needed bonds, ledgers and index bristols—was *eighteen*.

This tremendous reduction in brands and grades has now made it possible to buy these papers in case lots instead of reams and broken reams, and thereby save anywhere from 1¼ to 5¼ cents per pound. And most important of all, every paper is absolutely right for the work it has to perform.

Several hundred firms, including some of the largest corporations in America, have gained in efficiency through having their business forms surveyed by the Paper Users' Standardization Bureau.

★ *This confidential service is yours on request*

The service of the Bureau is to make a thorough quality and utility analysis of the paper used for every form you employ. This work is done in one of the most complete paper laboratories in the world. When it is finished you have a comprehensive report which establishes quality standards, fixes price limitations, suggests economies and simplifies buying procedure. Because of the scope of this service, it can be rendered only to a limited number of corporations this year.

It is made without charge and you are placed under no obligation of any sort.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY, INC.
Holyoke, Massachusetts

EAGLE



PAPERS

THE RIGHT PAPER FOR THE PURPOSE

Eagle-A Bond Papers

Coupon. Agawam. Persian. Contract. Airpost. Chevron. Acceptance. Norman. Telephone.

Eagle-A Ledger Papers

Brunswick Linen Ledger. Account Linen Ledger. Extension Ledger. Massasoit Ledger.

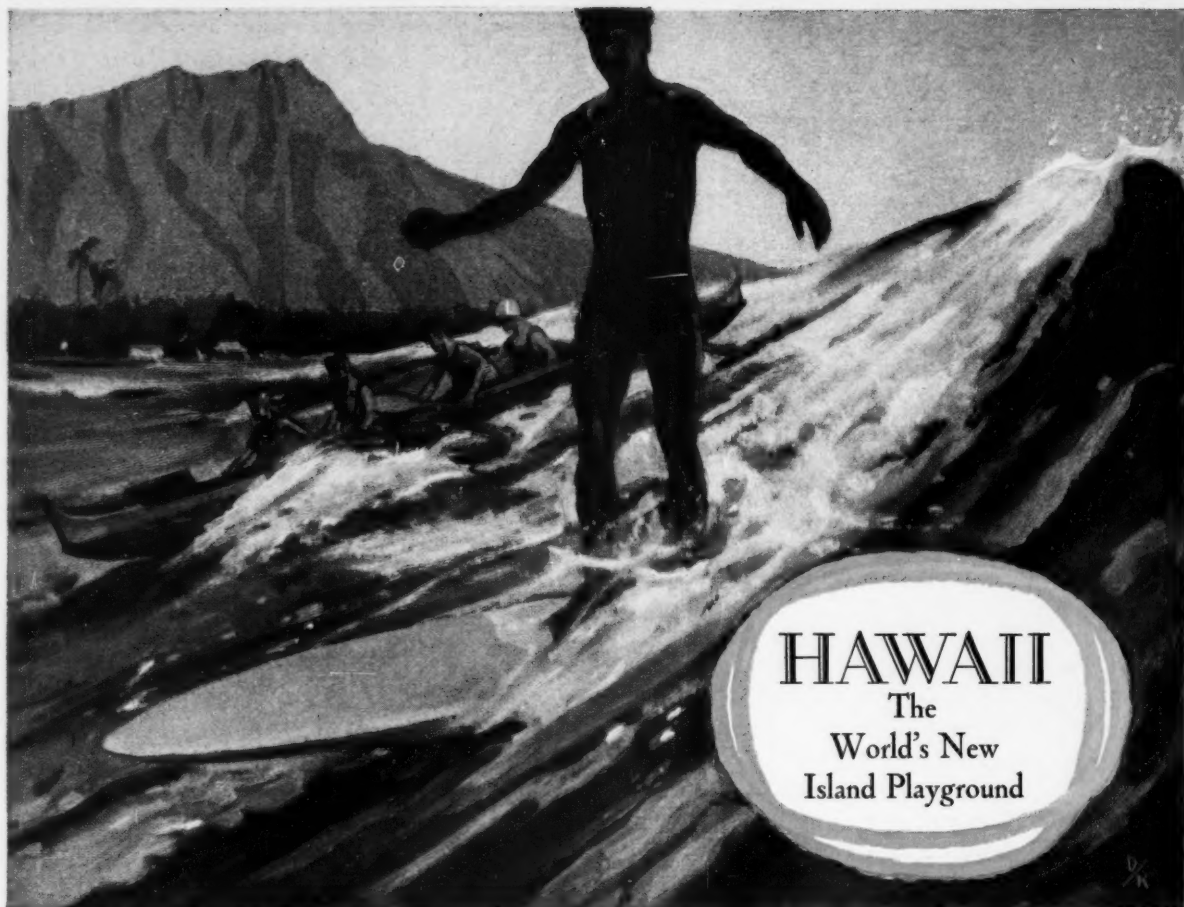
Other Eagle-A Business Papers

include Covers, Books, Offsets, Bristols, Mimeograph and Manifold Papers.

LOOK FOR THE EAGLE-A MARK IN THE PAPER YOU USE



This book, "Making Paper Pay Its Way," describes paper standardization as it applies to an individual business, and records the results achieved in a number of large American companies. Upon request we shall be glad to send a copy to any interested business executive.



HAWAII
The
World's New
Island Playground

*Race the surfboards in
your outrigger canoe at Waikiki!
Flying spray hisses underfoot—a
warm speeding wave is head-
high behind you—*

A few breathless, exultant moments and you're laughing on the beach! Your spirits have found a new door opened—a new thrill in living!

Vacation-time, in Hawaii, is every month in the year. And every day there are things to do that you've never done before. Delightfully lazy ways to do

nothing at all, where you can count on a thermometer that stays below 85° in summer and above 65° all winter.

Perhaps it's winter-time—but you stepped from pajamas to bathing suit this morning and let a warm green breaker bowl you over. Your morning paper tells of the snowstorm at home—and here you are with a slice of sun-ripened pineapple fresh from the fields for breakfast!

From water sports in the warm winter to tennis in cool mid-summer, you will find Hawaii always offering you pleasant days filled with novel

entertainment and new interests.

The round trip from the Pacific Coast, 2,000 miles each way, need not cost more than \$400 or \$500 including all steamer fares and your hotels and inter-island sightseeing for a two weeks' stay. You can even go for less—or stay longer—or, of course, pay whatever you like for de luxe accommodations equal to those of Europe's most renowned resorts.

Ask your local travel or ticket agent. He can book you direct, via San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle or Vancouver, B. C. No customs formalities.

LASSCO LINE from LOS ANGELES

Sailings every Saturday over the delightful Southern route on Lassco luxury liners and popular cabin cruisers. De luxe accommodations; also economy tours on all-expense tickets. Ask at any authorized agency or at your nearest Los Angeles Steamship Company office: 730 South Broadway, Los Angeles; 505 Fifth Avenue, New York; 140 South Dearborn, Chicago; 685 Market Street., San Francisco; 217 East Broadway, San Diego, Calif.

MATSON LINE from SAN FRANCISCO

Sailings every Wednesday, and every other Saturday, over smooth balmy seas on famous Matson ships. Fast de luxe steamers and popular one-class liners. Regular sailings also from Seattle. Attractive all-expense shore trips. See your travel agency or Matson Line: 215 Market St., San Francisco; 535 Fifth Ave., New York; 140 So. Dearborn, Chicago; 510 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles; 814 Second Ave., Seattle; 82½ Fourth St., Portland, Ore.

For illustrated booklet in colors and a copy of "Tourfax" travel guide, mail this coupon to

HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU

P. O. Box 3615, San Francisco; or P. O. Box 375, Los Angeles; or P. O. Box 2120, Honolulu, Hawaii

Please send Hawaii booklets in colors to my address written in margin below

c
ot
g
d
'
y
er
as
e-
t.
l-
t,